THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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DE PROFUNDIS.

"The young explorer, Dr. Kane, was once delighted to discover the warm and bright bud of a poppy under seven feet of northern snow."

Flower of the burning heart!
Flower of the fervent eye!
Poppy! Thy cup in days of yore
Was aye with sunbeams running o'er,—
Why art thou here apart
Beneath an Arctic sky?—

Apart from all thy kin,
That gipsy gleaners stay,
Red-cloaked among the yellow corn
In sunnier lands where I was born,
And golden largesse win
The livelong harvest day.

Here, fathom deep the snow,
Hath lain, and long shall lie,
(Fold closer yet thy scarlet vest),
Heaped coldly o'er thy glowing breast,
Yet shall not chill the glow
Nor close the fervent eye.

Flower! thou shalt counsel me;
Though fathom deep of care,
Of faded hopes and gnawing fears,
May o'er me drift thro' cheerless years,
Yet warm my heart shall be
To do and trust and dare.

It shall be true and bold,—
The heart of long ago
Shall keep its hold on truth and right,
On love and faith thro' earth's bleak night;
Not all her drifting snow
Shall make the warm heart cold.

H. T. in *London Athenæum*.

THREE KINDS OF FOLLY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT FARM."

TOO MUCH TO WEAR.

CHAPTER IV.

London was in a commotion: nothing was talked of in its gay circles but the young and lovely bride, Mrs. Dalrymple. Peers were going mad for her smiles; peeresses condescended to court them: commoners and commonesses, who could not get near, affected to hold themselves indifferent; but they scarcely made concealment of the fact that the grapes were sour. Panics do sometimes come over the fashionable world of this great metropolis: now it is a rage for speculation, like that railway mania, which once turned people's sober senses upside down; now it is the new and very ugly signora, who is ruling the boards and the boxes at Her Majesty's Theatre; but at the time we are writing, it was the admiration of one of themselves, a woman, the beautiful Mrs. Dalrymple.

She was charming: not because fashion said it, but that she really was. Naturally fascinating in person, the homage she received in the gay world—a new world to her—rendered her manners irresistibly so. Some good wives, staid and plain, who had never been guilty of courting a look in their lives, and prided themselves on it, avowed privately to their lords that she laid herself out for admiration, and was a compound of vanity and danger; and the lords nodded a grave approval, and, the moment they could get out of sight, went tearing in the wake after Mrs. Dalrymple.

A stylish vehicle, something between a break and a dandy-horse, with two stylish men in it, especially in the extent of their moustaches, was driving down Regent street. He who held the reins, Captain Stanley, was attending far more to some object at a distance than to his horse: his head was raised perpendicularly, as if an iron poker had been thrust down his throat, and his eyes were intently fixed far before him. A street cab whirled suddenly round the corner of Argyle place: Captain Stanley was too absorbed to avoid it, and the two came in contact.

No damage was done. All that came of it was a wordy war; for the cabman's abuse was unlimited, and Captain Stanley given to angry explosions. He concluded by promising a summons for insolence, and then urged on his horse again.

"Is that the way you generally drive in London?" quietly asked his companion.

"An insolent reptile! He shall smart for it. I'll have him before the magistrate at Marlborough street."

"Don't call me as a witness, then. It was your fault. You got into the fellow's way."

"I didn't get into his way."

"At any rate you didn't get out of it, which amounts to the same thing. I ask if that is your usual mode of driving?"

"What if it is?"

"It's a careless one. The next time you offer me a seat, Stanley, I shall propose to take the reins."

"I thought I saw her carriage before us," explained Captain Stanley, in a more conciliating tone, for he was beginning to recover his good humor. "It made me oblivious of everything else, Winchester."

"Who is 'her'?" demanded Lord Winchester.

"The loveliest woman, Winchester! I can tell you you have got a treat in store: you'll say it when you get introduced to her. You have lost something by stopping abroad. I couldn't exist," added the captain, twirling his moustache, "without a daily sight of that angel."

The viscount yawned. He knew, of old, Captain Stanley's propensity to go into heroics over "angels:" he went down into them himself upon occasion. "Mrs. Stanley to be?" asked he, indifferently, by way of saying something.

"No such luck. She's married."

"Oh."

"By Jove! here she comes! She has turned back again. The green carriage and dark livery. I knew I saw it. Isn't she—"

"Take care of your horse," interrupted Lord Winchester; "there's another cab."

"Shoot the horse! Look at her."

An open barouche was approaching. One lady sat inside it. Lord Winchester caught sight of an exquisite toilette, and then, the point lace parasol being removed, of an exquisite face. A young face, looking younger, perhaps, than it really was; clearly cut, delicate features; cheeks of a rich damask; brown, glossy hair; and soft dark eyes of exceeding brightness.

"There's a picture for you!" murmured the enamored Captain Stanley, letting his horse go as it would—to spill if it liked; "and the face is nothing to when you come to talk to her. She has sent half London wild."

Off went his hat, for the bright eyes were smiling, and the fair head bowing to him. But off went Lord Winchester's also, for a brighter smile and a more familiar recognition—which seemed to have in it somewhat of surprise—greeted him.

"Halloa, Winchester! I say, that's too bad!" cried Captain Stanley, when they had passed. "You know her!"

"Before I knew you. She's Selina Dalrymple."

"Selina: yes, that is her Christian name: I saw it one day on her handkerchief. Where was the pull of your making such a mystery over it? Why couldn't you say that you knew her?"

"I made no mystery, my good fellow. I did not know it was Selina Dalrymple you were speaking of. Who has she married? What's her name?"

"Married!—her name! What do you mean?"

"I thought you said she was married."

"What is the matter with you?" cried Captain Stanley, looking at the viscount. "You call her Selina Dalrymple, and then ask who she has married, and what her name is. Do you suppose she bears one name and her husband another? That's not English fashion."

"What is his name?" imperturbably continued the viscount.

"Dalrymple! What should it be?"

"She has never married Oscar Dalrymple!" exclaimed Lord Winchester, in a roused tone. "Has she?"

"Her husband is the only Dalrymple I know of in the land of the living. A cold, dry, wizen-faced man. You are given to mystifying to-day, Winchester."

"Not at all. She was Miss Dalrymple.—How was I to know she bore the same name now?"

"Miss Dalrymple, was she! Some relation to him?"

"A cousin: three or four times removed. So ho, Oscar Dalrymple! It's better to be born lucky than rich. Moat-Grange and its fairest flower! You did not bargain for that once upon a time."

"How did you know her?"

"Oh, I have often seen her. They are neighbors of my Uncle Cleveland's. Where are the Dalrymples living in town?"

"May Fair. Only part of a house. They are not rich."

Mrs. Dalrymple's carriage had continued its course. It was now on its way to her dressmaker's, Madame Dameresu. An enormous custom—clintèle, she always said—had Madame Dameresu. Thoroughly well established was madame. Her house was handsome; its rooms a mixture of Parisian taste and English comfort, with their velvet-pile carpets, rich crimson furniture, brilliant mirrors, and ornamental objects of porcelain, all delicate landscape painting and burnished gold. Surely rooms, so elaborate in their fitting-up, were not needful to the house of a milliner and dressmaker? Needful or not, they were there.—There was a spacious show-room, and a lounging-room, and a trying-on room, and an anteroom, with a handsome hall and a staircase leading to them, whence the cus——chentèle—caught vague snatches, through a painted window, of a paved court, and shrubs and plants. Madame Dameresu was as fascinating, in her line, as Mrs. Dalrymple in hers: ask the ladies who were forever paying her visits, and they would tell you that, once within reach of the fascinations of herself and her show-rooms, there they were contentedly fixed; there was no getting away, and there was no trying to. Madame's expenses were great, and she had feathered her nest pretty well: somebody paid for it. When madame's nest should be sufficiently well feathered—or what she would consider so—it was her intention to return to la belle France—pays chéri—and quit England and its natives—les barbares!—forever. Every thought of madame had reference to this enchanting finale: not a dress did she make, a bonnet sell, a mantle improvise, but the "sticking on" (very strong where she could) bore the desirable end in view. There had been a Monsieur Dameresu, once upon a time. He had something to do with the theatres, though not in the way of acting. But he grew too fond of English porter and of fingering madame's profits. Madame inveigled him into a journey to Paris with her; let him have his fling a little while, and one fatal morning the poor deluded man awoke to find that he and his wife were two; she had obtained a "separation from him "de corps et de biens." Madame returned to England the same day, and what became of him she neither knew nor cared.

We have mentioned a mania that was riding over the gay world at this period, chiefly over the male portion of it, the admiration of Oscar Dalrymple's wife; we must now confess to another, which exclusively touched the female. A love for dress. A wild, rampant, not-to-be-controlled-within-any-limit love for extravagant dress. No fever yet known was like unto it; and Madame Dameresu blessed it heartily, and petted it, and nursed it, and prayed—good Catholic that she was!—that it would never abate. Few had fallen into this last mania as had Mrs. Dalrymple. Bred up in the country, in simplicity and comparative seclusion, London and its attractions had burst upon her with irresistible power, dazzling her judgment, and taking captive her senses. The passion for dress—example is so contagious, rivalry so rife in the human heart—seized firm hold upon her; something like another passion had formerly seized upon and destroyed her unfortunate brother. Everybody must have a pursuit, a daily passion—if it may be so expressed: and if they do not have it, they are vapid and indifferent, and protest that the world is not worth living in. The pursuit may be worthy, or it may be unworthy! we don't touch upon that now, but it must be something. Selina Dalrymple found hers in the new rush after dress; what else had she to find it in? Not caring particularly for her husband (but this is only between ourselves mind), no loved and intimate friends around her, no children, no cherished home occupations; nothing but the world's homage, in the ball-room, in the park, in the home visits. That homage soon grew very dear, and dress, in her vain heart, became of it a part and parcel.

Her carriage stopped at the door of Madame Dameresu. Other carriages, also stopping there, drew aside for it, and Mrs. Dalrymple descended. Rather tall, very elegant, her dress of delicate lilac silk, flounced to the waist, became her well, and her rich, white lace mantle became that. The Dameresu footman threw open the door for her, and she went up to the show-room. A lady in plain attire, but than which nothing could be more rich than the silk material, with a small cap on her head of costly lace, and flying costly streamers of the same, disengaged herself from a group, to whom she was talking, and came forward, bowing; such bows as only a Frenchwoman can achieve. It was Madame Dameresu. A clever-looking woman, with fair skin and smooth forehead.

"What could she have the honor of doing to-day for Madame Dalrymple?"

Mrs. Dalrymple scarcely knew. She would walk round first and see. Was there anything fresh?

The Frenchwoman put the tip of one of her white fingers (very white they were, and bore some valuable rings) upon the glove of her visitor, and then passed carelessly through the door to the next room. Selina understood the movement, and, stopping to look at a displayed article or two, in her way, as carelessly followed her. That was madame's pet way when she was bent upon sticking it on. Don't object to that phrase, reader; it's not mine; it is the one in expressive use with all the Madame Dameresus.

"Tenez—pardon, madame," quoth she, as soon as Selina joined her, and speaking in scraps of French and English, as was her custom; though she spoke both languages equally well, barring her accent of ours; which was more than could be said for the clientèle, taking them collectively, and hence, perhaps, the origin of her having acquired the habit, "I have got the rarest caisse of articles arrived from Paris this morning. Ah! qu'ils sont ravissants!"

"What are they?" cried Selina, with breathless interest.

"I have not shown them to anybody: I have kept them en cachette. I said to my assistants, 'You put that up, and don't let it be seen til! Madame Dalreemp comes. Il-y-a une robe dedans—une—robe—une robe!'" impressively repeated madame, turning up the whites of her eyes—"ma chère dame, it could only have been made for you! Je l'ai dit de suite."

Selina's eyes sparkled. She thought herself the especial protégée of the Dameresu establishment—as many another had thought before, and would again.

"Is it silk?" she inquired.

"No. Dentelle. Mais, quelle dentelle. Elle—"

"Madame," said one of the assistants, putting in her head and speaking in a low tone, "the countess wishes to see you before she leaves."

"I am with her ladyship in the moment. Madame Dalreemp, if you are not too hurried, if you can wait till some of these are gone, the caisse shall be brought out. I will not show it while they are here; I want you to have first view."

"I am in no hurry," replied Mrs. Dalrymple. "I have not been here for two days, so shall give myself time to look round."

As Mrs. Dalrymple did, and to gossip also. Several ladies were present, whom she knew, so they were at no loss for conversation. Madame Dameresu's collection of things, all "superbes" and "ravissants," would, of itself, supply that. Among others who came in was Mrs. Cleveland, Selina's old neighbor in the country.

"How beautiful!" suddenly uttered Selina, as they were walking round, and looking at the stock of displayed wares, some on stands ranged round the room, some on a large table in the middle, capes, bonnets, dresses, bodies, petticoats, mantles, sleeves, collars, flounces, jackets, ribbons, and sundries. The ladies moved from one sight to another, somewhat after the manner that country milkmaids, admitted to the wonders of a waxwork caravan, travel slowly through the sawdust, and cast their enraptured gaze aloft.

"What is beautiful?" asked Mrs. Cleveland.

"That mantle?"

"Which mantle? That old dowdy black silk thing! I meant these sleeves. See, there's a collar to match."

"Yes, ma'am," interrupted one of the assistants, "we never had anything more beautiful in the house."

"What are they?" inquired Mrs. Dalrymple.

The young woman—dressed in thick black silk and a gold chain, her hair arranged in the newest fashion, carried the sleeves to Madame Dameresu.

"What am I to ask?" she said, in a low tone.

"Twelve guineas."

"It is for Mrs. Dalrymple."

"Oh—I thought it was Madame Cliv-land. Fifteen guineas."

"They are fifteen guineas, ma'am," said the young person, returning. "And dirt cheap."

"I inquired what description of lace it was," said Mrs. Dalrymple. "Not the price."

"It is Venice point, ma'am. Real Venice point."

"I think I must have them," cried Mrs. Dalrymple. "Are they not tempting?"

"Not to me," laughed Mrs. Cleveland. "I have too many little pairs of live arms to provide for, to give that price for a pair of sleeves."

"Only fifteen guineas," remonstrated Selina. "And that includes the collar. I will take these sleeves," she added to the young woman.

"Thank you, ma'am."

"Those are pretty, that muslin pair."

"Very pretty, ma'am, for morning. Will you allow me to put these up with the others?"

"I don't mind. Yes. I saw Lord Winchester just now," Selina resumed to Mrs. Cleveland. "I did not know he had returned."

"Only since a day or two, I believe. My husband does not—"

"Oh, what a love of a bonnet!" unceremoniously interrupted Mrs. Dalrymple, as her eye fell on a gossamer article, all white lace and beauty, with something green sparkling and shining in it.

"Ah," said madame, coming forward, "ce chapeau me rend triste chaque fois que je le vois."

"Pourquoi?" demanded Selina, who was not quite sure of her French, but liked to plunge into a word of it now and then.

"Parce que je ne suis pas dame, jeune et belle. Ainsi je ne peux que le regarder de loin. Mais madame est l'une et l'autre."

Selina blushed and smiled; and fixed her eyes on the bonnet.

"It's a charming bonnet," observed Mrs. Cleveland. "What is the price?"

"Thirteen guineas, ma'am."

Thirteen guineas! Mrs. Cleveland pursed up her mouth. Such bonnets were not for her.

"It is high," observed Selina.

"High! Mesdames have surely not regarded it closely," interposed Madame Dameresu. "These are emeralds. Look well, ma chère Madame Dalreemp. Emeralds. It is the very cheapest bonnet—for its real value—that I have shown this season."

"I think I will try it on," cried Selina.

Madame was not backward to follow the thought. In a twinkling, the bonnet was on Mrs. Dalrymple's head, and herself at the glass. Twitching the border and the flowers, twitching her own hair she at length turned round with a radiant face, blushing in its conscious beauty, as she spoke to Mrs. Cleveland.

"Is it not a sweet bonnet?"

"If you do not take it, it will be a sin against yourself," interposed the bonnet's present owner. "You never looked so well in all your life, Madame Dalreemp. Your face does set off that bonnet as nobody else's would. I said so."

"I will take it," decided Selina. "What did you say it was? Fifteen guineas?"

"Thirteen, madame, only thirteen. Ah! but it is cheap!"

Mrs. Cleveland bought the mantle Selina had designated as dowdy, and a bonnet equally so. Selina told her they were.

"My dear, they are quiet, and will wear. I expect you afford twenty to my one; so you can have them brilliant and fragile."

"Look at this handkerchief?" uttered Selina. "I really think it matches the sleeves and collars I have bought. Yes it does. I must have that."

"That's a dear handkerchief, I know," cried Mrs. Cleveland. "What is it, Madame Dameresu?"

"That—oh, but that's recherché, that is," said madame, in a rapture. "Nine guineas, Ah!"

"Send it home with the collar and things," said Mrs. Dalrymple.

"I am going," resumed Mrs. Cleveland. "I have bought all I came to buy, and it is of no use staying here to be tempted unless one has a long purse."

"The truth is, one forgets whether the purse is long or short, in the midst of these enchanting things," observed Selina.

"I fear it is sometimes the case," was Mrs. Cleveland's reply. "Are you coming, my dear?"

"Not yet," answered Selina.

When Mrs. Cleveland and some others had departed, madame had the "caisse" brought out; that is to say, its contents. The caisse was taken for granted; the articles only appeared. The chief one, the lace dress, new from Paris, and secluded till that moment from covetous eyes, was of a species of lace that madame called Point d'Angleterre. Madame Dameresu shook it out of its folds with tender solicitude, and displayed its temptations before Mrs. Dalrymple's enthralled eyes. Madame did not speak; she let the dress do its own work; her face spoke eloquently enough. Selina was sitting on one of the low, crimson velvet ottomans, her parasol tracing unconscious figures on the carpet, and her own elegant silk dress spread out around her.

"Oh, dear!" she ejaculated, withdrawing her enraptured gaze. "But I fear it is very dear."

"Never let madame talk about that," said the Frenchwoman. "It is high; but—look at it. One could not pick up such a dress as that, in the kennel."

"How I should like it!"

"The moment we took this dress out of the caisse, I said to Miss Atkinson, who was helping me, 'That must be for Madame Dalreemp; there is no other lady who can do it justice.' Madame," she quickly added, as if an idea had just occurred to her, "fancy this robe, fine et belle, over a delicate pink glacé or a maize?"

"Or over white," suggested Selina.

"Or over white; Madame Dalreemp's taste is always correct. It would be a dress fit for a duchess, too elegant for many of them. Ma bonne dame, ne la laissez pas vous échapper, je vous en prie."

Madame called for some silks of different colors, and the lace was displayed upon them successively. Selina went into a fit of ecstacy when the peach-blossom color was underneath.

"I must have it! What is the price?"

"Just one hundred guineas, neither more nor less; and to anybody but Madame Dalreemp I should say one hundred and twenty. But I know, when once she appears in this before the world, I shall have order upon order. It will be, 'Where did you get that dress, ma chère Madame Dalreemp?' and madame will answer, 'I got it at Dameresu's;' and then they will come flocking to me. I can afford to let Madame Dalreemp have her things cheap."

"I don't know what to say," hesitated Selina. "A hundred guineas! it is very high. That last lace one I bought, three weeks ago, was only sixty."

"What was that lace one compared with this?" was madame's indignant rejoinder. "That was nothing but common Guipure. Look at what the effect of this will be! Ah, madame, if you do not take it I shall not sleep; I shall be vexed to my heart. Milady Grey did come to me yesterday for a lace dress; I told milady I should have one in a week's time; I did not care for her to see it first, for she is shorter, and she does not set off the things well. I know she would give me one hundred and twenty for this, and glad to get it."

This was the climax. Lady Grey, a young and pretty woman, dressed as extravagantly as did Mrs. Dalrymple, and there was a hidden rivalry between the two. Madame Dameresu scented it, and was not backward in playing each off as a decoy-duck to the other.

"If I do take it," said Selina, "I must have a slip of that peach glacé to wear under it."

"And charming it will look," observed madame.

"But could I have them home by to-morrow night for Lady Burnham's party?"

"Certainly madame can."

"Very well then," concluded Selina. "Or—stop: would white look better under it after all? I have ever so many white glacé slips."

Madame's opinion was that no color, ever seen in the earth or in the air, could, or would, look as well as the peach. Milady Grey could not wear peach; she was too dark.

"Yes, I'll decide upon the peach-blossom," concluded Selina. "But that's not a good silk, is it?"

"Si. Mais si. C'est de la soie cuite."

"And that is all, I think, for to-day."

"What head-dress will Madame Dalreemp wear with this to-morrow night?"

"Ah! that's well thought of. It must be either white or peach."

"Or mixed. Cherchez la boîte, numéro deux," quietly added madame to an attendant.

Box, number two, was brought. And madame disentangled from its contents of flowers a beautiful wreath of peach blossom and white, with crystallised leaves. "They came in only to-day," she said. Which was true.

"The very thing," cried Selina, in admiration. "Send that with the bonnet and sleeves to-day."

"Madame must wear amethysts with this toilette," suggested Madame Dameresu.

"Amethysts! I have none."

"It is a great pity, that. They would look superbe."

"I was admiring a set of amethysts the other day," thought Selina, as she went down to her carriage. "I wish I could have them. I wonder whether they were very out-of-the-way in point of cost? I'll drive there, and ascertain. I have had a good many things there that Oscar does not know of."

She entered her carriage, ordering it to the jeweller's: and with her pretty face reposing amidst its lace and its flowers, and her point-lace parasol shading it, Mrs. Dalrymple, satisfied and happy, bowed right and left to the numerous admiring faces who met and bowed to her.

That same evening Madame Dameresu, having dined and taken her coffee, proceeded to her usual business with her cashier, Mrs. Cooper. A reduced gentlewoman, who had tried the trade of governess till she was heart-sick, and thankfully left it for her present situation, where she had less to do and fifty guineas a year. Miss Atkinson and Miss Wells, the two show-room assistants, came in. It was necessary to give Mrs. Cooper a summary of the day's sale, that she might enter the different articles. They arrived, in due course, at the account of Mrs. Dalrymple.

"Dress of Point d'Angleterre," cried Madame Dameresu. "One hundred guineas."

"Which dress is it that she has bought?" inquired Mrs. Cooper, looking up from her writing. She had learnt to take an interest in the sales and the customers.

"The one the baroness ordered for her daughter, and then would not have it when it came," explained madame. "I sent it to the Countess of Oak-tonne last night, when the baroness refused it, but it seems she did not keep it. She was in, yesterday morning, asking about a lace dress, but she never knows her own mind two hours together, that Milady Oak-tonne."

"It is a very nice dress," remarked Mrs. Cooper.

"It is a beauty," added Miss Atkinson. "And Lady Oakton need not have cried it down."

"Did she cry it down?" quickly asked madame.

"She said it was as dear as fire's hot."

"Par exemple!" uttered madame, with a flashing face. "Did she say that?"

"Yes, ma'am. So Roberts told me when he brought it back."

"She's the most insolent customer we have, that femme Oak-tonne!" exploded madame. "And pays the worst. The robe would have been cheap at the price I asked her."

"What price was that?" inquired Mrs. Cooper.

"Eighty guineas."

"Mrs. Dalrymple, lace robe, one hundred guineas," read Mrs. Cooper. "What else?"

"Making."

"It's not made yet, is it?"

"Oh, put it down at a round sum," commanded madame. "Making, two guineas. Peach glacé slip comes next."

"Peach glacé slip," wrote Mrs. Cooper. "The price, if you please."

"Put it down in round figures too. Ten guineas. She did not ask."

"I sold her those morning sleeves, with the little dots," interposed Miss Wells. "There was no price mentioned, ma'am."

"What were they marked?" asked madame.

"Fourteen and sixpence."

"Put them down at a guinea, Mrs. Cooper. Making peach glacé slip—let's see, no lining or trimming—say fourteen shillings. White point-lace bonnet, thirteen guineas. Sleeves and collar—what did I say for that, Miss Wells?"

"Fifteen guineas, ma'am; and the handkerchief nine."

"Sleeves, collar, and handkerchief of Venice point, twenty-four guineas," read Mrs. Cooper. "She must be rich, this Mrs. Dalrymple."

"Comme ça, for that," quoth madame.

"She has had for more than a thousand pounds in the last six weeks. I suppose you are sure of her, Madame Dameresu? She is a new customer this season."

"I wish I was as sure of getting to Paris next year," responded madame. "Her husband has not long come into the estate. Their money's all right. These young brides will dress and have their fling, and let them, say I. These Dalreemps are friends of the Cliv-lands, which is quite sufficient passe-port. You can go on now to Madame Cliv-land, Mrs. Cooper: one black mantle, silk and lace, three pounds ten shillings, and one fancy straw bonnet, blue trimmings, three guineas."

"Is that all for Mrs. Cleveland?"

Madame shrugged her shoulders.

"That's all. I would not give thank you for the custom of Madame Cliv-land; but they are well connected."

"There was Mrs. Dalrymple's wreath," interrupted Miss Athinson, referring to a pencil list in her hand.

"Yes, I forgot," answered madame. "What were those wreaths invoiced to us at, Miss Wells? This is the first sold."

"Twenty-nine and sixpence each, ma'am."

"Peach-and-white crystallized wreath, Mrs. Cooper, if you please. Forty-nine shillings."

"Forty-nine shillings," concluded Mrs. Cooper, making the entry. "Is that all, then, for Mrs. Dalrymple?"

That was all. And a pretty good "all" too.

But Selina Dalrymple did not seem to think so. I tell you the mania was upon her.

One bright morning, about a fortnight afterwards, when the sun was shining brilliantly and the skies were blue, and the streets warm and dusty, she sat in the breakfast-room with her husband. The late meal was over, and Selina was drumming her pretty foot on the floor, and not looking the essence of good-humor. She wore a richly embroidered white dress with pink ribbons. Her delicate features and her damask cheeks were softened by a white lace—something—it was certainly not a cap. Mr. Dalrymple's eyes had rarely rested on a fairer woman, and his heart knew it too well.

[Continued on Fourth Page.]

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

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THE POST is believed to have a larger country subscription than any other Literary Weekly in the Union without exception.

THE POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

Back numbers of THE POST can generally be obtained at the office, or of any energetic Newsdealer.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—THE POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respectfully declined:—"The Royal Wedding;" "Nature and Art;" "The Orphan Girl;" "Memory;" "A Mother's Smile;" "Columbus."

——Several CORRESPONDENTS wish to know where the artificial ear-drums of silver wire with a disk of India rubber, can be obtained. Can any one inform them?

To Those Who Will Understand It.

We have a large number of old subscribers—the "Old Guard" of THE POST—with whom we do not feel free to pursue our general habit of stopping the paper when the term of subscription expires. Many of them would think it betokened a want of kind feeling on our part, to cut the connection between them and their favorite weekly in so summary a manner.

But when such old friends, through inadvertence or forgetfulness, neglect to remit their yearly dues, it puts us, as they will perceive, in rather an unpleasant predicament—for even THE POST, with all its merits, will not carry on itself, without certain weekly and monthly payments to compositors, pressmen, clerks, paper makers, &c.

Will not therefore our old friends be a little more punctual in this matter of transmitting their dues? Our head clerk tells us that there is at the present time a large amount outstanding against them—the sight of which would be very pleasant to our eyes. They need not wait for the making out of bills—a tedious and troublesome operation where the number of accounts is so great—but send on what they think they owe, and we will credit them with the amount, and state in their receipts the exact state of their accounts—errors corrected, on both sides, as usual.

What say you, gentlemen and ladies? We trust to see a response in as good bank-notes as you can lay your hands upon, or in the solid coin of the confederacy—at least in settlement of old arrearages, if not in advance payment for the future.

ON HAND.

We are pleased to state that we have received from GRACE GREENWOOD the manuscript of her promised novelet, FOUR IN HAND, OR THE BEQUEST—which we shall commence at the earliest opening.

We also have on hand a new story by MRS DENISON, entitled UNCLE WOLFE, A STORY OF THE OLD PARSONAGE, which also awaits a favorable opportunity.

We consider both of the above stories very favorable specimens of the abilities of their respective authors.

COLD WINTERS.

The theory has recently been promulgated that one leading cause of the difference of temperatures, in one winter as compared with another, is the abundance or scarcity of rain. It is argued that rain produces chemical action in the soil, and chemical action produces heat. While in the summer, although rain also produces heat through its chemical action, the increased heat is more than neutralized by the cooling effects of its rapid evaporation.

It has long been known that countries in the vicinity of large bodies of water—islands especially—were apt to be warmer in Winter and cooler in Summer than others in the same latitudes—and that this was one, if not the main cause of the comparative absence of excessive heat and cold in England, Ireland and Scotland. But the reason of this, as explained in all the school Philosophies, is different from that chemical action on the soil to which the mildness of certain winters is said to be owing.

That there is a reasonable basis of fact for the belief in question, is undeniable. Last winter and the winter previous were very cold ones in the United States—and the springs were unusually low in both cases. Last year the rain filled up the springs again, and the present Winter has been a mild one in this country. A letter now before us from Pulaski County, Arkansas, dated March 2, says:

We have had a very mild winter, although a great abundance of rain; lately the weather has been more favorable, and quite warm. The earth is now almost covered with green grass, and the fruit trees putting out bloom rapidly.

The writer of the above mentions the state of the weather in Arkansas only incidentally, while treating of business—he probably never has even heard of the theory we are discussing.

In many portions of Europe the winter has been a very cold one. We quote the following:—

A letter from Rome of the 17th of February, says:—"Rome has had no winter like the present in the last hundred years. The weather has been *dry*, but unprecedentedly cold, and aged and sickly people are dying in consequence in great numbers. Almost the entire population is afflicted with the influenza."

The *Gazzetta di Genova* learns from Alexandria, in Egypt, that the valley of the Nile was covered in January with snow, and the pyramids for the first time reminded the traveller of the snow-capped peaks of the Alps.

From Venice, we learn under date of 25th of February, that "the present winter has, as far as the city of the Lagoons is concerned, completely falsified the traditionary theories respecting the temperature of southern latitudes. The grand canal and the Giudecca are filled with huge masses of ice, and the streets are obstructed by drifting snow."

A foreign letter in the *Evening Journal* of this city, says:—

In Austria and Italy they have had very cold weather, which in the latter country caused much suffering and many deaths among the poorer classes, who are badly provided with fuel. Indeed, many of the houses of the better classes have neither fire-places nor stoves. The entire Adriatic and Mediterranean coast did not escape the boisterous snow storms—not even Malta, where they had no snow for twenty-two years. The year 1857, *in point of dryness, is unprecedented; water in many places is scarcer than wine, and the rivers are now lower than they have been for the last 185 years.*

The italics in the above extracts are ours—the writers seem to have had no idea of any connection existing between the excessive dryness and the excessive cold, and therefore their testimony is all the more valuable.

What we have said will suffice to call the attention of our readers to the theory. If it be a correct one, it is curious that the connection has never before been observed between a dry year and a cold winter.

MORE GAMMON.—An article in a recent number of the "Medical and Surgical Journal," comes down flat footed against the high-heeled boots at present in fashion among ladies, and hopes for their immediate abrogation. The authority in question insists that it destroys the instep and weakens the muscles of the limb. This, we take it, is all humbug. Men wear heels to their boots and have always done so. Are the limbs of men less muscular than those of women? Of course not. Ballet dancers always do best in high heeled gaiters, and where can be found plumper limbs and more poetical figures than among them. Besides, the high heel keeps the foot out of the wet, and thus prevents colds, or what Mrs. Partington might term *guiters* in the head. In fighting high heels our medical and surgical friend is "going it blind." If you doubt it ask the young people who do the "cow-chokers" at the Academy of Music.

The writer in the *North American*, where we find the foregoing, is, we think, wrong. We do not agree with him that ballet-dancers always "do best" in high-heeled gaiters. The ordinary ballet-shoe is spring-soled, its only peculiarity being a very stout toe, which enables the dancer to poise herself on the very tip of the toe in that attitude which Carlyle has ridiculed by comparing it to a pair of scissors stuck by one of its points into the floor. It is true that in the Spanish dance referred to as the "cow chokers"—by which, we suppose, is meant the Cachuca—high heels are worn; but the reason is, not because they help the dancer in her gymnastics, but because they are a part of the local character costume in which that, and some other dances, are always executed. Any one may notice in the lithographs of Ellsler, Taglioni, Cerito, Grahn, or other famous dancers, that the outline of the leg and foot flows in one smooth curve, unbroken by the artificial heel—unless indeed the figures are represented in some national dance—fandango, bolero, cachuca, and what not. The writer in the "Medical and Surgical Journal" is unquestionably right. High heeled boots and shoes not only do the injury he mentions, but sometimes subject their unfortunate wearers to surgical operations, as the medical books will show. "Are the limbs of men (who wear high heels to their boots) less muscular than those of women (who do not)?' Men are apt to be physically stronger than women, either by nature or exercise; but the muscles of the calf are proportionably stronger, the leg in that region more naturally and fully developed, and the integrity of the instep and the lower part of the foot better preserved, in women who do *not* wear high heeled boots than in men who *do*. This is not only the fact, but it is evident to reason. According to nature the weight of the body is thrown mainly on the base of the pedal column—that is, the heel; and this calls into action the muscles of the calf and thigh, which are thus developed. When art, or artifice, lifts up the foot an inch or two inches, and puts a leather heel under it, it follows that the weight of the body is thrown forward upon the ball of the foot. Hence the action of the muscles previously in play is discontinued, the calf and thigh grow smaller, and the tendency is to a broadening of the lower part of the foot, which makes what is called splay-foot. In walking, too, the high heel interferes with the natural spring of the leg from the heel to the ball, thereby cramping the free, natural play of the lower limbs in exercise. A good practical test of the character of high heels, is to attempt to walk ten miles in them. A person will find himself tired and lame with the experiment which he could easily perform in flat-footed, stout-soled boots. An officer who marched with the army in Mexico, told us he found it impossible to wear his high-heels. They had to be docked to save him fatigue and lameness. The same gentleman noticed the sensible diminution of the calf of his leg whenever he wore high heeled boots for any length of time. As for keeping the feet out of the mud, any good thick-soled boots adapted to the natural shape of the foot will do that. Besides, one need not mount stilts because there is mire in the streets, nor need we secure a trifling benefit at the cost of convenience, physical freedom, and shapeliness. All that can be said for high-heels is that they are the mode—which was also said of them when they were so high that they made the belles and beaux of the last century hobble, or go a-tiptoe, and which was also said of the fashion which condemned people to wear toes to their boots so long that they had to be fastened to the knee by a little cord or chain—a fact which any one knows who has seen pictures, or read accounts, of the dress of certain medieval centuries.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 190—Adults 90, and children 100.

THE END OF DR. ANTONIO.

The Count Orsini, now under sentence of death for the attempt at tyrannicide on the person of the French Emperor, is, as we are informed by an Italian gentleman in this city, the author, under the assumed name of Ruffini, of those two charming works, "Lorenzo Benoni" and "Dr. Antonio." The fact—if it be a fact—lends an additional interest to his fate, and the works themselves furnish, in addition to the noble eloquence of Jules Favre, the advocate who defended him at his trial, a key to his life, now consummated in the deed for which he is to die. That deed, involving, as it did, the lives of so many innocent persons, it is impossible to justify, impossible not to condemn. Yet compassion must strangely mix with the blame. Orsini had lived a life of patient long-suffering. Some of the best years of his youth were spent in the loathsome dungeons which tyrants build for men who are guilty of loving their native land. What wonder that the patient heart grew wild at last! Even in his last and worst deed, there is no taint of selfishness. Like every act of his life, it was for Italy. Through his whole career, in the works of his brain and of his hands, in his best and worst actions, bright even in his faults and errors, burns with reconciling and redeeming light, the intense and passionate desire for the freedom of his country. This it is that gives such pathetic power and beauty to his best known book, "Dr. Antonio." Everywhere throughout its pages we meet the patriot spirit, watching, waiting, working, hoping, suffering for "the day-dream of Italian liberty." The whole life of Orsini seems to have been consecrated to this one aim and end, and a letter to the French Emperor, beseeching him to liberate Italy, is the parting word as he glides from mortal eyes into the last dark, tremendous cloud.

"By God, not man, he must be shriven:
Men guess and grope; God sees and knows!"

THE SANITARY CONDITION OF NEW YORK.—The medical profession of New York begin to be seriously alarmed at the sanitary condition of their city. A Committee of the Academy of Medicine have issued a memorial relative to the public health, in which they say:

It is not denied by the City Inspector, nor can it be, that the proportionate mortality of the population of New York city very far exceeds that of many other large cities of this and other countries. While London, Liverpool, Philadelphia and Providence are annually losing only from one in 45, to one in 55 of the people, New York is losing one in 27. In 1854 the deaths were one in 22. Nor can it be denied that small pox has been for many years, *and is now*, prevailing to an alarming extent,—there having been within eleven years as many as 50,000, and since the commencement of the present year nearly 2,000 cases of that loathsome disease: and yet no effort whatever is made by any sanitary officer to restrain it.

In another part of the report the committee show how this loathsome disease is spread over the country.

The influence of the metropolis upon the health of even distant parts of the State and country, is strikingly manifested by the fact that several instances have occurred of the extension of this disease by means of the *merchandise* which is sent from it in every direction. The health of the city of New York is thus a matter of State, and even national importance.

It will thus be seen that the whole country is interested in the sanitary condition of New York, as of every great distributing depot. It is not a very pleasant idea, that of *buying a case* of small pox or some other infectious disease.

NICE STATE OF AFFAIRS IN PHILADELPHIA.—We are "progressing" in this city, after the New York model, famously. Juries are packed, indictments and other important papers are "stolen" from the Clerks of the Courts, police officers break the peace, election bullies and swindlers are appointed to office as rewards for their "services," the "Board of Health" are charged with flagrant corruption, and the practices and morals of the kennel seem to be becoming the governing motives and principles of our local officers and rulers. In these few words we sum up a great deal that we might publish in detail, but which would load our columns too heavily for our distant readers, while our city subscribers know all about it from other sources. Can it be possible that many of those who are elected to office in this city, correctly represent the majority of our voters, as the thermometer simply indicates the temperature of the air? Or is there such a mass of honest but blind ignorance, that deceitful men of bad character manage continually to gain and keep the upper hand?

THE GREAT MEN OF NEW YORK.—A fight in one of the lowest and vilest sinks of New York city, between two notorious blacklegs, having resulted in the death of one of them, the leading journals of the town have been engaged in publishing voluminous accounts of the affray, the locality and the characters, and a biographical sketch of the combatants.

When "leading journals" thus strive to elevate into importance the actions of notorious "rowdies," it is not to be wondered at that the "rowdy" element should increase and flourish like an ill weed, well manured and carefully tended. The papers however do as they do, because they find that the public take an interest in such subjects. What a commentary upon both press and public! No wonder that where there is so much inward rottenness, there should be so much outward disease and mortality.

PRICES AT CAMP SCOTT.—A letter from a member of the Utah Expedition has come to hand too late for use—being dated November 7th, 1847. The following items, however, are interesting:

Our sutler is a very honest man, and sells very cheap. I will give you a small list of his prices:

Tobacco that cost 15 cts. in the East, is $1 a pound.
Gloves that cost 75 cts. are selling at $4.
Gauntlet Gloves of Buckskin, $9.
Whiskey $10 per quart.
Boots $9 a pair.

There is not a grain of Salt in the Commissary, and fresh meat don't go well without it. Some of the men are using gunpowder in its place.

☞ Wm. C. Baldwin, of Albany, Linn Co., Oregon, formerly of Illinois, wants to learn the whereabouts of his father, or any of the family. He wishes other papers to copy this notice.

RESTITUTION.

We received, last week, a letter from a "subscriber" in a certain town of New York, inclosing two dollars and fifty cents. The writer said:—

One year ago I wrote you I had sent you $5 for three years subscription to your paper. I now feel called upon to confess with shame and sorrow, that I did not send the money.

I have during the past few weeks had my feelings (by the blessing of God) so changed, that I can take no pleasure in reading a paper obtained by the means of a lie. If you are a Christian you will understand this—if not, let me beg of you to remember that though you have not been as bad as I, yet there is a day coming when you will have many sins to answer for; and it may come to-morrow.

We hope if there are any more readers of our paper who have obtained it under such false pretences, that they will—for their own sakes more than for ours—imitate the example of the writer of the above. Just think of it—to run the risk of perdition for the paltry sum of two dollars, or even less, a year.

☞ The proportion of Fools in these United States must be enormous. We "tremble for our country" when we think that all these have a voice and control in the shaping of its destinies. Read the following:—

LOTTERY SWINDLE.—The new Mayor of New York is engaged in breaking up the gambling houses, lottery policy offices and gift enterprise shops. One of the latter was broken up last week, whose weekly recipts reached $1,500. The prizes consisted of plated jewelry, worth very little. One gift of this kind, *palmed off as valued at* $15, *proved to be brass gilt with Dutch metal, worth about* 75 *cents.* The proprietor promised to abandon the business, and as he received large orders from the country, he gave the Mayor authority to take and open his correspondence. Five hundred and forty letters, containing money for tickets and orders to send on prizes which had been drawn, were taken out of the office in one day. Three letters contained $150, and many had $50 each.

MEETING OF WOMEN.—We are requested to call the attention of the benevolent and religious women of our city, to the Annual Meeting of the Rosine Association at the Sansom Street Hall, on the afternoon of *Thursday, April 1st*, at three o'clock. We have so often alluded to the praiseworthy character of this association, that we need not add anything on the present occasion.

☞ Mr. Allibone states, in his testimony before the Investigating Committee of the House of Representatives, that Mr. Miller, the late Postmaster of this city, received $23,000 from the Pennsylvania Bank for effecting the sale of its building to the Government. Some $40,000 more, we believe, remains to be accounted for.

THE AURORA BOREALIS.—Professor Olmstead thinks that this phenomenon is astronomical, and outside of the earth's atmosphere—basing his view upon the extent, great height, and periodical character of the manifestations.

THE SUPPLEMENT TO MR. HENRY S. OLCOTT'S WORK ON SORGHO AND IMPHEE, (A. O. Moore, New York,) contains the account of the American experiments of 1857, together with Mr. Lovering's pamphlet and other information, and is well worth the attention of all farmers.

A SELECTION OF LUTHER AND CALVIN'S SERMONS, (C. Desilver, Philadelphia) gives specimens of the theological discourses of those famous men, with biographical sketches.

BARNES'S FAMILY PRAYERS, (C. Desilver, Philadelphia,) are forms of devotion and supplication for family use, selected from various authors.

POEMS, BY HOWARD M. CALDWELL, (Whittemore, Niles & Hall, Boston,) are ambitious and erudite, and show a poetic sympathy with beauty, but lack the essential poetic elements.

A FAREWELL.

I.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray;
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

II.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song.

—*Charles Kingsley.*

☞ NEW NAME FOR AN OLD THING.—A colored woman was called to testify in court in this city, on Friday, in the trial of damages by the collision of two carriages on the highway. To the question whether one of the parties was intoxicated, she answered that she did not know; but "*he went as though he had a bill of sale of both sides of the road.*"—*Worcester Palladium.*

YOUNGSTER spare that girl!
Kiss not those lips so meek!
Unruffled let the fair lock curl,
Upon the maiden's cheek:
Believe her quite a saint;
Her looks are all divine;
Her rosy hue is paint,
Her form is crinoline!

☞ An exchange paper says that the leading partner in a publishing house, who was rapidly pushing his advertisements during the dull season, being interrogated by the editor in regard to his policy, replied:

"The very time of all others to crowd, sir; give us the field when few advertisers occupy it, and we care not how hard the times are; it pays us well at all times, because we know how far to go, but especially it pays us in times like the present, when the most of business men in our line have taken their hooks out of the water, thinking no bites are to be had; we are satisfied that nothing has kept us a constant run of trade for the last ninety days, but pushing our notices through this dull season."

SELF-LOVE but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake,—
The centre moved, a circle straight succeeds:
Another still, and still another spreads,—
Friend, parent, neighbor, first it will embrace;
His country next, and next all human race,—
Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
Takes every creature in—of every kind.

—*Pope's Essay on Man.*

☞ The man who least of all belongs to himself, is the man whom the events of Providence call to the government of nations.—*Napoleon.*

FOREIGN NEWS.

SETTLEMENT OF TROUBLE BETWEEN ENGLAND AND FRANCE—ORSINI'S APPEAL REFUSED—DECLINE IN COTTON, &c.

The Niagara brings dates to March 13th, one week later.

In reply to Lord Malmesbury's request for an explanation of the passages that caused so much offence to the House of Commons, M. Walewski frankly reminds the government and people of Great Britain of the undoubted proof given by the Emperor, of the value he attaches to the alliance, by the concessions to our views during the Crimean war, as well as since the treaty of peace, and proceeds to observe that after the Emperor has been so many times exposed, and escaped so many attacks made by assassins, who have been proved to have concocted their plans in England, he thought it no presumption to appeal to the friendly feeling and the justice of our nation, to prevent, if possible, the recurrence of such crimes. M. Walewski repudiates, in the Emperor, any idea of wishing to include Englishmen in the category of refugees to whom he alluded, or a desire to change our laws, or an intention to condemn them. But now, regretting that a misconstruction had been placed on his intention, he requests that the correspondence cease, and the alliance continue.

The London Times says that Count Persigny will not continue to represent France at this Court.

It has been currently stated that Count Walewski had retired from the French Foreign Ministry, but the report was not confirmed.

The *Moniteur* states that, at Chalons, on the 6th, forty men surprised a small post of infantry. They then attempted to get possession of the railway station, crying, "*Vive la Republique.*" Being driven back they occupied the head of the bridge, to interrupt communication with the barracks. The officers, who live in the town, cut their way through, and the garrison also turning out, the rioters were dispersed. Fifteen men were captured.

The London correspondent of the Manchester Guardian says that it was received as an accomplished fact that the difference between France and England had been arranged to the mutual satisfaction of both parties.

The House of Commons met on the 12th instant. The Government protested it had done all it could in the case of the English Engineers at Naples.

The monthly return of the Bank of France shows a gain in specie of 40,000,000 of francs in Paris, and nearly 16,000,000 in the country branches.

A despatch from Paris, of the 11th, says that the appeal of Orsini and his accomplices, to the Court of Cassation, was that day rejected.

The *Moniteur* of the 11th says that, on the 24th ult., discoveries were made in various parts of France, which defeated culpable projects, and led to the discovery and seizure of arms, ammunition, and compromising correspondence. The arrests, however, have been exaggerated.

The despatches from France to the Swiss Government, in regard to the refugees have been published. The removal from the frontiers of Switzerland of all Italian and other questionable refugees, is demanded in menacing terms.

A Madrid telegraphic despatch says, that Gen. Zuloago, of Mexico, is well disposed to settle the differences with Spain.

The statement that Gen. Concha is to be removed from the government of Cuba is contradicted on good authority.

The Central Committee appointed at St. Petersburg, to examine all the projects for the emancipation of the Russian serfs, consists of thirteen members, the Emperor being the President.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET.—The Liverpool letters by the Niagara, to the 13th ultimo, generally agree in quoting a decline of ⅛@⅛ in the Cotton market since the sailing of the Arabia, though some authorities place the decline as only to the extent of ⅛d.

STATE OF TRADE.—Manchester advices are unfavorable, prices being weak.

LIVERPOOL BREADSTUFFS MARKET.—Richardson, Spence & Co.'s Circular reports Flour very dull and almost unsalable. Quotations are nominal. Wheat dull but steady, prices generally unchanged. Corn quiet and steady. The Brokers' Circular quotes Corn as having advanced 1d@2d.

The Brokers' Circular reports Beef quiet, Pork dull, Bacon heavy, at a slight decline. Lard quiet at 50s for the best descriptions.

Tallow has slightly advanced for all qualities; Butchers' Tallow is quoted at 55s.

Sugar firm, but under the large receipts, the market closed with little inquiry and prices weak.—Coffee firm; Rice buoyant.

Rosin dull at 4s 3d@4s 6d. Spirits Turpentine steady at 41s 9d@42s 6d.

Pot Ashes quiet at 35s; Pearls firm 36s@41s.

Linseed quiet at 29s 7d@30s.

LONDON MONEY MARKET.—The market generally is unchanged. Consols for money quoted at 96⅛@96⅜, and 96⅛@96⅜ for account. Bullion in Bank has increased £95,000.

FOUND HIS MATCH.—We saw a good thing yesterday. In the Court of Quarter Sessions, a petty case was being tried. A well known criminal lawyer, who prides himself upon his skill in cross-examining a witness, had an odd looking genius upon whom to operate. The witness was a boss shoemaker.

"You say, sir, that the prisoner is a thief?"

"Yes, sir; cause why, she confessed it."

"And you also swear she bound shoes for you subsequent to the confession?"

"I do, sir."

"Then"—giving a sagacious look to the Court—"we are to understand that you employ dishonest people to work for you, even after their rascalities are known?"

"Of course; how else could I get assistance from a lawyer?"

The counsellor said, "stand aside," and in a tone which showed that if he had the witness' head in a bark mill little mercy might have been expected; the judge nearly choked himself in a futile endeavor to make the spectators believe that a laugh was nothing but a hiccough, while the witness stepped off the stand with all the gravity of a fashionable undertaker.

Not much made out of that witness.—*Phila. North American.*

MARCH.

He stands like a warder stout and strong
In the open gate of the year;
He bloweth loud and he bloweth long
A blast on the horn in his hands,
And it rolleth shrilly and clear
Through the amber caves low under the waves,
And it rolleth along the lands.

—*John Britton.*

☞ THE AMERICAN HORSE-TAMER'S SECRET.—During a conversation among some wits the other evening, one observed that he had heard that Mr. Rarey's secret lay in the use of some herb. "I believe," replied one of the company, "that it is nothing more than *herb*-anity." "Well," observed another, "that is much better than the old nostrum—*horse*terity." Both punsters were immediately turned out.—*English Paper.*

WHEN dressed for the evening the girls now-a days,
Scarce an atom of dress on they leave;
Nor blame them; for what is an evening dress,
But a dress that is suited for *Eve!*

☞ I wish that the world consisted of a cluster of small states. There would be much more genius, and what is of more importance, much more felicity. Federal unions would preserve us from the evil consequences of local jealousy, and might combine in some general legislation of universal benefit.—*D'Israeli.*

LORD STANLEY ON THE FUTURE GREATNESS OF AMERICA AND RUSSIA.—Lord Stanley, the new British Secretary for the Colonies, delivered at Lynn, on the occasion of his re-election, a long speech, in the course of which he said:

"In every age that old question of the 'balance of power' assumes a new form. That question no longer concerns Western Europe alone. Two empires are springing up in the East and in the West; they are already of first-rate magnitude, and both of them are increasing—not mainly or necessarily by aggression upon others, but simply by natural means—at a rate of progress which far exceeds that of ourselves. Looking merely at the matter of population, it is impossible not to see that, unless some unforeseen events take place, America and Russia will, 100 years hence, perhaps even 50 years hence, be numerically the most powerful empires upon the globe. I say numerically, and of course in that reckoning I do not include India, because it can hardly be considered an element of strength in respect of population. Now, of both these great empires I speak with no feeling of jealousy; I speak of them both with respect; of one I speak with sincere admiration and sympathy, but still, as society is constituted, it must happen that independent nations will have different interests. A position of inferiority, is not always even safe. What I say, therefore, is, that if Western Europe—at this moment the very focus and centre of civilization throughout the world—is to hold its own—is to hold in another generation the place which it occupies in the present, it must be by a cordial and friendly union among its leading Powers. [Hear, hear.]

FOLLOWING A SHARK.—Some time ago, a gentleman and one of his servants, a stalwart negro, went fishing for rock on the Bay shore, about ten miles from this city. They cast their hooks and lines, and waited for a bite. The big darkey, after wading out some feet from the shore, tied the line around his body. His master told him there was danger of doing so; but the sable fisherman suspected no difficulty or accident. Soon an old shark, a real old sea dog, came along and swallowed the bait with a good relish, and Sambo held the line with a firm grasp. The powerful fish, however, drew him gradually out in deep water, when, finding that he was in danger of being carried out to sea, in order to cut the line he made a desperate grasp at his knife, which was fastened to his head half shut, a portion of his hair being between the blade and the handle; but it was too late. The hungry monster of the deep, by a rapid movement slackened the line and dashed furiously out from the shore, followed by the darky, who alternately disappeared beneath the waves and rose to the surface, grabbing at his knife as he rushed on with almost lighting speed in the wake of the shark. He was seen at the distance of nearly a mile, as he occasionally rose to the surface; but soon disappeared entirely, far beyond the reach of assistance, and a victim of his own hazardous daring and imprudent temerity.—*Southern Argus.*

THE WINTER IN EUROPE AND ASIA.—Accounts from Italy state that for the first time in this century the river Po has been frozen over at Ferrara for some time, admitting the constant passage of man and beast. The unusual severity of winter in that part of Italy has caused great mortality. In Austria also the winter has been very severe.

From a letter dated Constantinople, Feb. 3d, an exchange takes the following:

Snow has fallen, until yesterday, without any interruption for fifteen days. There has not been a winter of equal severity for more than twenty years. The snow has extended to Smyrna and the adjacent district of Asia Minor, and even the Greek islands are clothed in white—an appearance most unusual and remarkable. The sufferings of the poor are very acute; their habits and habitations are not prepared to resist so inclement a season. Many of the poorest dwellings have tumbled down from the weight of snow on their roofs, for they are little more substantial than castles of card board, and very few are weather-tight.

Accounts from Asia Minor describe snow-storms, in one of which a Greek monastery was buried, and the five monks had to be excavated by the Turks. At Malta the snow, which had not fallen since the Russian campaign of 1812, was some feet high, and accompanied with hail and tempests.

LATEST FROM MEXICO.—ST. LOUIS, March 27.—Santa Fe papers of the 27th ult., contain no news of special importance, except some Indian depredations and several wanton outrages by the Mexicans against the Indians.

It is reported that Government wagons have been sent from Santa Fe to Fort Cantonment Burguin to convey Capt. Bowman's command to Fort Union. This company consists of seventy men, and will go to Utah with Capt. Marcy, and twenty-five mounted men will also accompany him and form the guard to his supply train.

Mr. Carson, the Indian Agent says that the Indians of Utah are in great want, and have to be supplied liberally to prevent them from starving.

Capt. Pope, of the Artesian well expedition, has arrived at Dona Ana, Kansas.

EPIDEMIC.—An epidemic disease, partaking of the character of typhoid, is prevailing among the students at the University of Virginia, at Charlottesville. A large number had been attacked, several had died, and the students were fast returning home in alarm. The board of visitors were, at the last advices, deliberating upon the propriety of suspending the collegiate exercises. The disease is supposed to have originated from the confined and illy-ventilated dormitories in which the students sleep, and which have been unusually crowded in consequence of the large number in attendance this winter. The subject has already been brought before the Virginia Legislature, and an appropriation of $25,000 is proposed to provide for the enlargement and improvement of the dormitories.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS IN KANSAS.—A Women's Rights Convention was held in Moneka, Kansas, on the 27th ult., at which was adopted a form of petition to the Constitutional Convention "to frame the organic law of the State of Kansas for the citizens thereof, without making any invidious distinctions." They also petition the Territorial Legislature to enact laws securing to women the property which she possesses before marriage, a just proportion of the joint property of husband and wife acquired after marriage, and that no bond and security given for another by a husband shall be valid without the signature of the wife.

MAELSTROM OFF THE COAST OF FLORIDA.—The brig Alma, Captain Brown, arrived at New York on Saturday, 20th ultimo from Nassau, N. P., reports that on the 16th ult., when about four miles from the Hole in the Wall, the wind blowing a three knot breeze at the time, she got into a whirlpool, which turned the vessel round in 35 seconds, and kept turning her sometimes half way and back, and sometimes all the way round, for two hours and a quarter. The breeze then became stronger, and she succeeded in getting out of the whirlpool without receiving damage.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT ABOLISHED.—The Legislature of Louisiana has passed a law abolishing capital punishment, and the substitution of hard labor for life in the place thereof.

ATTEMPT AT SUICIDE.—A young lady, named Clara Clifford, attempted to destroy herself on the 17th ult., in Boston, by taking arsenic. She is represented as being of unsound mind, caused by the death of her betrothed. Antidotes were administered, and she will probably recover.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

A LAMENTABLE AFFAIR—A VOICE FROM THE SCAFFOLD—THE NEW LAW—WHAT COMES OF HAVING A TIPSY COACHMAN—BAROMETRICAL TRANSPOSITIONS—OUTRAGE ON AMERICAN MISSIONARIES—AN INCIDENT IN A SUMMER'S RAMBLES.

Paris, March 4, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The trial of Orsini, Pieri, Rudio, and Gomez, the perpetrators of the atrocious attempt of Jan. 14, has painfully excited public attention during the past week. Mr. Chaix d'Est-Ange, the Attorney General, made one of those magnificent charges to the jury that make an era in the records of legal eloquence; Jules Favre, the eminent republican orator and lawyer, who presented the "defence" of Orsini, also acquitted himself of this difficult duty with consummate skill and excellent feeling. The other eminent lawyers employed in behalf of the three remaining prisoners did as much as could be done under such circumstances. But they are mere vulgar, ruffianly scoundrels, without even the excuse of the intense though mistaken form of patriotism that has led Orsini to the commission of an odious crime, and to the scaffold at the age of twenty-three!" The trial, which occupied several days, and attracted a concourse of auditors so great, that the doors of the court were necessarily closed some hours before the proceedings began, has abundantly proved Orsini to have been the originator of the plot, and the other three to have been his active assistants—Gomez, the servant, having, however, been let into the affair only an hour before its execution. So overwhelming was the evidence that no one could doubt how the verdict would go; and the sentence of death passed on Orsini, Pieri, and Rudio, and of hard labor in the galleys for life on Gomez, took no one by surprise. The first three have appealed to the Court of Cassation; but there is not the faintest chance of the sentence being reversed; and long before this reaches you these unhappy men will have endured the last infliction of the law.

Orsini's course, first giving evidence against his mates, and then retracting this evidence, and giving himself an air of generosity, declaring he assumed the sole responsibility, and was ready to offer his life as its consequence—was not calculated to win for him any portion of public sympathy; but the fact that he is one of those victims of Austrian usurpation, and French interposition, who are driven to desperation by the wrongs of Italy, the single-minded enthusiasm with which he has pursued the dream of Italian regeneration, and the noble letter he has addressed to the Emperor, and which was read in Court by the Emperor's special permission, render it impossible to do otherwise than most deeply lament the infatuation that could lead this ardent soul to resort to means so diabolical in their nature, and so utterly incapable of advancing the noble cause he has had at heart.

Orsini, in the letter alluded to, disclaims all idea of "asking clemency at the hand of him whose interference in Rome has crushed the hopes and rivetted the chains of his unhappy country;" he declares that he writes only as a patriot, a lover of his country, who stands at the foot of the scaffold ready and willing to shed the last drop of his blood, convinced that it will bear good fruit for Italy; and that, in the belief that his voice, from the depth of his dungeon, and the confines of the other world, will reach the ear of his Majesty, he implores him to use his power, when next Italy shall rise against her oppressors, to keep foreign aid from entering Italy to support her tyrants. "I do not ask that France shall shed the blood of her sons on behalf of Italy; I only ask that her strong arm shall prevent the irruption into Italy of the foreign armies on which her tyrants depend," and he prays the Emperor to remember the democratic source and basis of his power, to turn from the blandishments of tyrants, and throw the weight of that power into the balance of freedom. After showing that it is in vain to hope for quiet in Europe while nationalities are held down by tyranny, he adjures the Emperor to take a course which shall both secure permanence and tranquillity for his own reign, and cover its memory with undying glory as the foundation of the future harmony and happiness of Europe and of the world.

Would to God that this noble and touching appeal might indeed be heard to serious purpose by the singular man who holds so important a place in the councils of Europe! Strange as the belief may seem to those at a distance who judge of his tendencies by the extreme rigor of his government in certain respects, there are a large number of persons who formerly regarded him as the impersonation of selfish tyranny, but who hold the opinion that, were he relieved of the factious hostility of the ultra-revolutionaries, the Emperor would prove himself a stout upholder of popular reform in Europe. He has no faith in the virtue of street fighting, and of indefinite popular clamor and violence. But he has—or those who know him intimately are much mistaken, and his own voluminous writings are no expositors of his sentiments—a firm belief in the gradual amelioration of States, through the co-operation of sovereigns, and of the various classes of their subjects. He marched his army against Rome because he had no faith in the proposed republics of Italy; but his letter to Colonel Ney laid down a large scheme of reform as necessary in Italy. The Roman expedition was a most deplorable blunder; and it may be doubted whether he would have committed it could he have foreseen its results. His permitting Orsini's lawyer to produce the letter written by his client, and which stigmatises so forcibly the tyrannies under which Italy is suffering, would certainly seem to indicate his disapprobation of the régime thus energetically condemned. The liberal European Powers will evidently be compelled to insist on a large measure of reform in Italy, for it is not possible on the one hand to tolerate explosions of infernal machines, or, on the other, to prevent the adoption of those extreme forms of protest on the part of men who are driven to desperation by persistent, organized, and hopeless tyranny.

The law for the better securing of the public against conspirators has just passed the Chamber; it allows the Government to inflict fines varying from fifty francs to ten thousand francs, and imprisonment from one month to five years, with interdiction of civil rights, on persons manufacturing or holding without license, all "murderous engines," and fulminating powders, and all who are proved to be plotting against the public peace with other Frenchmen or with foreigners; and allows of the expulsion or transportation of those who, having been sent out of France in 1848, 1849, and 1852, have come back without authorization, or who, being authorized to return, have been found plotting afresh.

Princess Murat came near being killed a few nights ago, her coachman running against a lamp-post, and smashing her carriage, as she was going home from a tremendous party at the Countess Lehon's; the glass of the windows cut her face, and fright caused her to faint away. In this state she was carried back to the Countess's by the Prince, her husband, to the great horror of the guests. Happily, medical aid was at hand; the poor lady was taken every possible care of, and soon regained her consciousness. When her cuts and scratches were properly attended to, she was able to go to her own house. It is said that the coachman was drunk at the time of the accident.

This most capricious winter seems to have been bent in showing how far the ordinary course of the weather may be interrupted. Seven feet of snow on the orange-trees of Algeria, people dying of cold in Constantinople and Italy, leaf-buds coming out in the north of France, seventeen feet of ice in the Danube at Vienna, so that the Austrians are in a dreadful fright about their bridges when the thaw shall come; one would not be surprised to learn that the Esquimaux have been throwing off their seal-skins, and taking to fans.

A frightful murder has been committed at the country house of the American Missionary, Mr. Dickson, a few miles from Jerusalem, on the road to Jaffa. Five scoundrels forced the garden, wounded Mr. Dickson with a club, and his son-in-law, Mr. Steinbeck, with a pistol; subjected the wife and daughter to the most hideous outrages, compelled them to eat food for them, and to wait on them, and after ransacking the house, decamped with the money, plate, and every valuable they could lay their hands on. The Pacha of Jerusalem promises to use every effort to discover the criminals, but nothing had been accomplished, though the police were busy. The American Consul had been very urgent, and is said to have sent to the Piræus for an American war-ship there. So atrocious an outrage, it is to be hoped, will not be allowed to pass unpunished, even in Turkey.

But to return from the record of crimes and sorrows that make up so large a portion of the chronicles of the day, let me invite your readers to call to mind the "pleasant places" pointed out for the delectation of future travellers in my last, and my engagement to prove, by the narration of an incident in one of my summer-rambles in those regions, the assertion that even popular superstition is not altogether without its uses.

Being bound, a few years ago, on an exploring tour among the lonely scenery of the French Alps, and having, by the merest accident, stumbled upon the little village of Morlaix, in one of the innumerable valleys of the triple range of mountains enclosing the basin of the Drac, between Die and Embrun, I found it so wild and so wooded, so rich in romantic walks and delightful perspectives that I forthwith resolved on pitching my artist's tent there (metaphorically speaking) for a few days' sketching. I therefore addressed myself to one or two of the villagers, in the hope of finding that the valley contained some sort of inn, however humble, at which I might have put up. But no such accommodation being attainable, for the simple reason that there was no hostelry of any kind in the place, I began to inquire into the possibility of procuring quarters in some of the cottages; and was lucky enough to be received in the capacity of a lodger at a little farm-house, perched on a knoll that jutted out from the side of the hill at whose foot the village lay basking in the sunny radiance of July. The cottage was as humble as possible, and nearly as bare; but it was very clean, and la mère Gaudet, my hostess, was a trim, bustling, tidy, smiling matron of five-and-thirty, who managed the affairs of her little homestead very successfully in the absence of her husband, whose occupation as a wood-cutter kept him away from the village through the greater part of the year.

By the close of my second day at the cottage, I had already explored half a dozen romantic ravines, "each," as our French neighbors would express it, "more charming than the others," and found myself on friendly terms with nearly every inhabitant of the hamlet, one half of the villagers having invented various pretexts for coming up to mother Gaudet's to get a look at so strange an apparition as that of a lady traveller, going about alone, and making sketches, and the other half having presented themselves at the doors of their houses as I passed by with my portfolio under my arm, pressing me to accept a cup of goat's milk, or a little basket of mountain strawberries. One could not have been an hour among the simple, kindly souls without loving them.

On my return to mother Gaudet's, at the close of my second day's rambles, and after witnessing from a peak high above the village a sunset whose glories were the despair of my palette for many a long day, I informed her that I had, as I believed, seen every creature in the village except the inmates of one cottage, larger and more substantial than any of the others, nestling coyly among a fine clump of old plane trees just in the bend of a wild, rocky gully on the other bank of the brawling stream that dashed along its stony bed through the village.

"There must be a lovely view down the valley from that point," I continued, "and to-morrow I must go over there and have a look at it. So pray, *mère* Gaudet, tell me who lives there; for I shall not fail to make their acquaintance if they are as hospitable as the rest of your kind hearted villagers."

"If they are as hospitable," echoed *la mère* Gaudet with a pleasant little laugh of triumphant implication, "better hearts, or kinder, than Jean Lirieux and his wife you could not find from here to Grenoble! They are as good as bread, and there's no going beyond that; for good bread is the gift of the good God, and we know that he himself does not despise it," she continued, as she placed before me on the rude deal table, white from constant scrubbing, a savory omelette she had just turned, hot and hissing, out of her *frying*-pan. "Jean Lirieux is as gentle as a lamb, and as brave as he's gentle; and though he's better off than any one else in the village, there's not a bit of pride about him. He has a handsome face as you'd wish to see, (which spoils nothing!) and though he is busy from morning to night, he has always a hand ready to help a neighbor as well as himself, and no wonder he is so good and so friendly, for his father and mother, who live with him in the old home, are just such as he. Simon and Thiennette have been married fifty years come next Saturday, and Jean is going to make a feast in honor of the day. Madame is come here in good season, for she will see all the people of the valley; and a merry dance under the great sycamore in the middle of the village, for 'tis there the feast will take place, the cottage being too small to hold all the guests that will be there."

"I am lucky, indeed, *mère* Gaudet, the sight of such a gathering will give me the greatest possible pleasure. But you have not told me about Jean Lirieux's wife!" I answered, as I cut a second slice from the huge brown loaf beside me, to the evident satisfaction of my landlady.

"Marie Lirieux. She was the handsomest girl in the valley, and she has lost none of her good looks since she has been Jean Lirieux's wife, and the mother of four of the finest little creatures you ever set eyes on! But her good looks are the least of her goodness. She is just an angel; and if ever any mortal woman went straight to the good God without confession, so will Marie Lirieux."

"There must be something in the air of Morlaix that makes everybody good!" I returned, making an onslaught upon the dish of fresh curds that stood invitingly before me, flanked by a shallow basket of platted reeds, containing the largest white mulberries of the region, "you seem to have no bad people here. I suppose the wind from the hills blows them all away?"

"I don't know about that," answered *la mère* Gaudet, "we had some very bad people here a few years ago. They came from down the river; I don't rightly know where. But they quarrelled with every one in the village, and wanted to go to law directly, if so much as a goose or a chicken got into their vineyard. I remember how my husband was going one day through their vines, and old Rangon stood scowling at him as though he doubted my man might be wanting to take his grapes. 'Keep on the path!' cries old Rangon, as fierce as could be, 'I'd like to see you put your foot off the path into my vines! I'd soon have the law of you, Pierre Gaudet!' '*Merci, mon vieux!*' says my man, 'but you'll look a long while before you have that pleasure. I wonder you don't try to get the law of yon birds, for their shadow is falling right on your vines!' says he pointing up to a flock of crows that was flying right over their heads. 'I'd take their heads off if they'd come a little nearer,' says old Rangon, with a face like a thunder cloud, 'and I'd like to serve somebody else the same turn.' 'Much obliged to you, neighbor,' says Pierre, as he went on laughing through the vineyard; 'but those as do no wrong to others will stay as safe as yonder birds, and will soon be as far from your vines, and your good wishes, as they are!' Morlaix was another place while they were here; and as for poor father Le Pellier, (that's our Curé, and I suppose he is still at Grenoble, for if he were at home he would have been here before this to see madame,) I thought the dear man would just have broken his heart with the trouble they made. We had a hard winter that year, and the wolves came down from the mountains; and we were beside ourselves with fright for the children, to say nothing of the sheep and the goats. At length we could stand it no longer; and all the country turned out, from Breux, and Parriau, and St. Pierre de Landry, and all the neighborhood, for a grand *battoun;* but those good-for-nothing Rangons—there was four of them, the father, and the two sons, and the father's brother, would not stir a step, or lift a finger to help them. And our people were afraid to leave the village with only the women and children; for we did not know what dreadful things the Rangons might do while our husbands and sons were away. So Father Le Pellier goes to them, and says he—but the Saints have mercy on my tongue," she suddenly exclaimed, with a glance through the window, "if here is not the good father himself, and I'll warrant me, coming to pay his respects to madame. Good-evening, *Monsieur le Curé*," she added, hastening to the door, at which a venerable old man, in the garb of an ecclesiastic, had now made his appearance.

"Good-evening, mother Gaudet, I hear you have a stranger staying with you, and should have come up before now to pay my respects to madame—but as you know, I have been absent for a few days," said M. Le Pellier, in a pleasant, kindly voice, as he entered the cottage.

I had risen from the table, for my meal had been finished some time before, and advanced towards my visitor, who held out his hand to me with great cordiality.

"Madame is welcome to our mountains," he continued, "and I hope she will have no reason to take away with her a bad opinion either of them or of us?"

"Though I have been here so short a time, Monsieur le Curé," I answered, as I took the hand so frankly offered, "I have been here quite long enough to be sure that I shall leave your lovely valley with regret, both for its own sake, and for the kindness of its inhabitants. What a contrast," I added, almost involuntarily, "between the evangelical peace and simplicity of this charming region, and the bustle, the glitter, the selfishness, and the misery of cities!"

"Great, indeed!" replied my venerable guest with something like a sigh: "yet all positions in life have their drawbacks, though they all have, happily, their advantages also. But this is a subject which would lead me too far," he added with a smile; "at least at this moment. But you will, I hope, allow me the pleasure of seeing you again: and I shall be much gratified if I can be of use to you in any way during your stay in the valley. But, to-day, I must content myself with saying so, for I am on my way to visit the wife of one of my parishioners who has just been taken ill, and is threatened with a dangerous form of fever."

"Ill! Who is ill! *Monsieur le Curé?*" inquired my hostess, anxiously.

"Poor Marie Lirieux!" answered the priest, in a regretful tone.

"Marie Lirieux! Holy mother of God!" ejaculated la mère Gaudet, clasping her hands in the extremity of her astonishment and dismay, "why, she was well enough yesterday when she was at work with the haymakers!"

"She overheated herself in the hay," answered M. Le Pellier, "and took cold by going into the dairy to prepare the milk for the haymakers. It was a sad piece of imprudence in the mother of an infant scarcely a month old," he continued, turning to me, "and the penalty she is now suffering for it will be a source of sorrow and anxiety to us all; for Marie Lirieux is the favorite of the whole valley, and, I fear, from the message just sent to me by her husband, that she is dangerously ill." And with a kindly salutation the old Curé took his departure.

But how la mère Gaudet laid the Curate's intelligence to heart, and what became of the sick woman, are matters that must be recounted in my next letter.

QUANTUM.

THE BRITISH CABINET AND THE SLAVE TRADE.—In a brief debate which occurred in the Senate of the United States, in the early part of the present session, Mr. Mason, of Virginia, expressed his gratification at what he understood to be the change now going on in England on the subject of slavery; and even Mr. Seward, while denying that there was any change in the English people, was disposed to admit such a change in the Government. This admission has drawn forth an express contradiction from a distinguished member of the late British Cabinet, speaking in behalf of the late Government. At the farewell dinner to Dr. Livingstone in London, before his departure for Africa, the Duke of Argyle spoke as follows:—

"Their Chairman, the Silurian King, (Sir Roderick Murchison,) looked forward to the geological results, and Professor Owen to the new accumulation of bones which would result from the expedition. But the main interest was to be found in the deep and abiding feeling cherished by Englishmen on the subject of the extinction of slavery and the improvement of the native tribes of Africa. It had been stated—he was surprised to learn—even by Mr. Seward in the Senate of the United States, that a change had come over the opinions of the British Government respecting this question. On the part of her Majesty's Government he was authorized to state that there was no ground for any such assertion, and there was no object on which the noble lord at the head of the Government had shown more consistent steadfastness of purpose than the abolition of the slave trade. Among the motives which had induced her Majesty's Government to assist in fitting out this expedition, the first and foremost was a desire to assist in putting an end to the slave trade, and improving the state of the native tribes of Africa."

PRAYERS RELATIVE TO THEODORE PARKER.—The following prayers relative to the celebrated Theodore Parker, are reported in the *Boston Bee*, as having been offered at a recent revival meeting in Park Street Church in that city:—

"O Lord, *if* this man (Parker) *is* a subject of grace, convert him and bring him into the kingdom of thy dear Son; but, if he is beyond the reach of the saving influence of the gospel, *remove* him out of the way, and let his influence *die with him!*"

Another said:—

"O Lord, if this man will still persist in speaking in public, induce the people to leave him and come and fill this house instead of that!"

Another besought the Lord to attack him in his study:—

"O Lord, send *confusion* and *distraction* into his study *this afternoon* and *prevent* his finishing his preparation for his labors to-morrow, or, if he shall attempt to desecrate Thy holy day by attempting to speak to the people, meet him there, O Lord, and confound him so that he shall not be able to speak!"

Another prayed thus:—

"Lord, we know that we cannot argue him down, and the more we say against him, the more the people flock after him, the more they love and revere him. O Lord, what shall be done for Boston, if Thou dost not take some of these matters in hand!"

A SCHOOL WITHOUT A MASTER.—In the annual report of the Board of Education, Secretary Boutwell gives the following account of a self governing school:—

"In Chillicothe there is a high school without a master. It contains about seventy pupils of both sexes, whose ages average between fifteen and sixteen years. They assemble together in a hall, where the studies assigned by the teachers are pursued. The recitations take place in the adjoining rooms. Two recitations daily are conducted by the Superintendent of Public Schools in the city; the others by teachers appointed for that purpose. I entered the school-room unobserved, and though there was no teacher present, there was no appearance of disorder nor neglect of study. The school has been managed upon this plan for two years, with entire satisfaction to the teachers and to the public. I had no opportunity to become acquainted with the intellectual character of the pupils; but a school in which the power of self-control is so early and so thoroughly developed, cannot be unworthy of public notice."

THE NATIONAL HOTEL MYSTERY.—One of the sufferers by the inexplicable sickness at the National Hotel, Washington, D. C., says no less than twenty-seven persons have died by it, and that out of a total of three hundred victims, at least one-half are in a state of physical decay and decrepitude. Most of them believe the cause to have been mineral poison. In his own case the attending physician, up to a recent period, treated him as for a malarious or atmospheric poison, with no perceptible benefit; but upon the physician and treatment being changed, and an antidote to arsenic given, favorable symptoms became at once apparent, and he is now able to leave his room. This is one of those strong facts which still perpetuate the mystery, notwithstanding all the theoretical explanations of savants. The letter containing it is published in the New York Journal of Commerce.

MR. DORRIT, THE FATHER OF THE MARSHALSEA, OUTDONE!—About twelve months since, a fire occurred at a house in Princes street, Rotherhithe, the owner being a Mr. Thomas Clark. The walls of the premises, which were left standing after the fire, having been condemned a few days since as dangerous to the public safety, the Commissioners of Police directed a summons to issue calling upon the owner to show cause, in the usual manner, why the building should not be pulled down. On Monday the legal service of this summons was attempted, when the other was informed that Mr. Clark had been incarcerated in a prison during the last forty years for contempt of court, in proceedings instituted against him at that period, and was referred to his solicitors, Messrs. Terry, Watson & Co., Yorkshire.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE claims preferred against Lawrence, Stone & Co., of Boston, reach nearly three millions of dollars.

COOLIES IN CUBA.—A Havana letter dated March 16th, says that several cargoes of Chinese Coolies were then daily expected to arrive, and that the experiment has been found to answer well on the island; for though they require to be better fed and clothed than the negro, yet when that is done, and their wages punctually paid, they are subordinate, industrious and faithful.

PRINCES, in their early years, seem to be like other boys. For instance, two of Queen Victoria's sons get to fighting often, and the Prince of Wales (heir apparent to the crown) is essentially thrashed by his jun'or, Prince Alfred, who, feeling his superiority in the matter of muscle, treats the future royalty of the British empire rather brusquely, which the Queen is amazingly tickled at. The persecuted big lubber frequently appeals in great distress to his papa.

ATHENIAN LEGAL INTELLIGENCE.—It is said that a Greek lawyer has made a motion, in the Supreme Court of Athens, for the reversal of the sentence against Socrates!

THE OPENING OF THE NEW YORK CANALS.—It is stated that the canals will open on or about the 20th of April. It is supposed that the banks will be free from frost and settled by the 15th.

THE revival of business in the Eastern cities has been followed by the same activity in the Western towns. The newspapers from that quarter all speak of the improved prospects of trade and the general stir in business circles.

ARMED ENGLISH MORMON EMIGRANTS.—An inspector of Customs in New York, while engaged in his official duty of examining the baggage of some Liverpool passengers, on their way to Utah, found it contained new fire-arms, guns, pistols and swords. He seized and detained the arms, and a quantity of ammunition, on the belief that that they were brought here for the purpose of resisting the laws of the United States in Utah, and making war upon the Government.

RESOLUTIONS in favor of the admission of Kansas, under the Lecompton Constitution, have passed the Senate of this State by yeas 20 to nays 13—one Democrat from Westmoreland voting in the negative.

ST. LOUIS, March 25.—The tide of Western emigration has fairly set in. The number passing through the city is very large, and daily increasing. The Pacific Railroad carries West more than a hundred per day, and the Missouri river steamers are crowded.

THE Lake straits are clear. The Mississippi is free this year four weeks sooner than previous seasons. Lake Pepin is clear, so that navigation is now resumed to St. Paul. This must stimulate business in that quarter considerably, and in a few months the bankers will begin to find use for their currency.

AN American lady lately visited the distinguished German author and theologian, Bunsen, who told her that he believed the influence of Dr. Channing's works was greater at this time in France and Germany, than that of any other man, either living or dead.

THE New York Examiner sums up the results of the revivals, ascertained from its correspondents and exchanges for the last five weeks, as over twenty thousand conversions, which is exclusive of the large number not specified, and other large numbers not publicly mentioned at all. It is stated that about 1,000 persons have been hopefully converted in Cleveland, Ohio, within a few weeks past; 600 in New Bedford; 300 or 400 in Newburyport; 2,000 or 3,000 in Newark and vicinity.

BABEL IN NEW YORK.—Dr. Bacon states that eighty languages are used in business and social intercourse among the inhabitants of New York.

A WINDFALL.—The Detroit Advertiser says that Mrs. Thomas, a washerwoman of that city, has recently become heir to a fortune of a million of dollars in Europe.

A PREMIUM of five hundred ducats has been offered by the Imperial Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg, for the best historical and statistical essay "on the abolition of serfdom in the various countries of Europe." Essays intended for the prize must be sent in on or before the 1st (13th of March, 1860.)

MORE STEAM FIRE ENGINES.—Two or more steam fire engines were lately purchased by the city of St. Louis, Mo., and another is to be ordered. The insurance companies and agencies of that city have also contracted for two of the same size and patent as those purchased by the city. Price $5,500 each. The Democrat says that St. Louis has now a fairer prospect of perishing by a deluge than by a conflagration.

COMPLIMENTARY.—The Richmond South says: "We sometimes think if the whole of Yankee land was cut out like a cancer, we should have a very quiet and prosperous career."

THE borough of York, Pa., held an election for local officers on Friday, 19th ult., which resulted in the success of the Democrats by about sixty majority.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—The full official vote of the late election for Governor stands: Republican, 36,301; Democratic, 31,530. Increase of the Democratic vote, 361; increase of the Opposition vote 1,652.

THE New Orleans correspondent of the Galveston News, writes that Col. Lockridge was expected to leave for Texas on the 24th ult., with the intention to revolutionize Northern Mexico. Many Northern men and considerable means are engaged in the enterprise. A letter from Col. Lockridge, to the News, confirms the statement.

ERYSIPELAS.—A disease called by this name is raging in Houston county, Georgia, on the Ocmulgee river. It baffles the medical science, and has proved fatal to forty or fifty persons within the space of a few miles.

GEN. WHITFIELD, of Kansas, an old leader of the pro-slavery party, opposes the Lecompton Constitution, and has been removed from the land office at Kickapoo.

DE BOW'S Weekly Press says that Thomas Washington Smith is again engaged as an agent for that paper, and that he gives evidence of an entire restoration of mental and physical health.

A COMPANY has been formed at the South, under a charter from Alabama, for establishing a line of steamers from Mobile to ports on the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean sea. The object of the company is to convey emigrants to Nicaragua: and San Juan, it is thought, will be the chief Nicaraguan port. The steamers are to commence running on the first of June.

THE U. S. steamer Powhatan arrived at St. Helena on the 27th of January, and would take in coal and leave for China, via Cape Town, by the 30th of January.

THE last official act of Lord Palmerston was to send a donation of £100 to Mrs. Mogridge, the widow of the admirable writer so long known as "Old Humphrey."

ENGLISH papers state that a Mrs. Welch, hostess of the Rose and Crown inn, at Ampthill, Bedfordshire, has eloped from her husband, taking with her considerable property, in company with a draper named Rogers, a Mormon, who having converted Mrs. Welch to Mormonism, had induced her to abandon her husband, and fly with him to Utah. Mrs. Welch, has left her four children behind her, and Mr. Welch offers £30 to any one who will bring her back to Ampthill.

FROM KANSAS—LANE'S RESPONSE TO DENVER.—St. Louis, March 24.—The Democrat publishes a card from Gen. Lane, in reply to the proclamation of Gov. Denver, in which he calls the Governor "one J. W. Denver," accuses him of arrogantly usurping and ruthlessly trampling under foot the legislative department of the government; characterizes his acts as "perfidious and tyrannical," and brands him as "a calumniator, perjurer, tyrant, and pet appointee of the oligarchical Administration which disgraces the nation."

TOO AFFECTIONATE BY HALF.—A married man in Liverpool, lately having threatened to enlist in the British army, his wife, out of pure love for him, cut off his forefinger suddenly with a sharp knife while he was asleep, to prevent his being received as a soldier. If there were many such wives the supply of soldiers would be in danger.

THE occultation of the Pleiades was observed at the Cambridge Observatory a few evenings since. This cluster of stars, though popularly supposed to number only six, is probably quite one hundred, without including those below the eighth magnitude. The "Lost Pleiad" is now more than ever a fiction.

A REPORT is soon expected from the State Department in relation to the African slave trade. It will, it is said, embody many important facts, and give rise to much discussion.

THE MANUFACTURE OF WATCHES IN THE UNITED STATES.—This business is rapidly gaining ground in this country, and with the experience thus obtained the value and excellence of the manufactured article is increased. We hear that at the watch factory at Waltham, Mass., about seven hundred watches are now turned out per month, which are said to be fully equal to articles of the same character of foreign manufacture, while they are correct time-keepers, and can be offered at greatly reduced rates.

A BUTCHER in Lancaster county has just made two sausages, one 76 feet 9 inches long, weighing 63 pounds, and the other 75 feet 2 inches long, and weighing 58 pounds.

RAILROAD FREE PASS BILL.—A bill is now under discussion in the New York Senate, which makes the giving or receiving of a free pass upon the railroads a misdemeanor, except in cases of charity or benevolence or of employees of the road.

MEASLES IN VIRGINIA.—The Baltimore Clipper says: The measles are prevailing to a fearful extent along the line dividing Appomattox and Campbell counties, Virginia. Schools, and public assemblies of all kinds, have consequently been broken up for the present.

NOVEL CAUSE FOR SUICIDE.—A strange instance of human folly and perversity occurred in Henry county on Sunday of last week, in the suicide of a slave belonging to Mr. John H. Davis, near Lawrenceville. The negro, a valuable fellow, was, as we learn, very indignant at the fit of certain shirts which had been made for him by his mistress, and declared his determination not to wear them. Having been moderately chastised for the purpose of improving his taste, he precipitated himself into a well, fractured his skull, and died.—*Enfaula (Ala.) Spirit of the South, 9th ult.*

THE BRONTE FAMILY.—It is now said that Patrick Bronte (the father of Charlotte, Emily and Anne,) in early life was himself an author. Two volumes of poems from his pen were published in 1811 and 1813. His name may be found in Colburn's Dictionary of Authors, in 1816.

AGED TWINS.—Mrs. Mary Parker died at Newburyport, Mass., at the advanced age of 92. She leaves two children (twins), who are 76 years of age.

A VIRGINIA paper contains the following:—On the 17th instant, in the county of Dinwiddie, by the Rev. John Willcoy, Mallory Kirby, Mr. John W. Sturdivant, in the 22d year of his age, to the amiable and well-to-do Miss Martha Oliver, aged 36 years.

THE Richmond *Enquirer* opposes the reopening of the African slave trade.

WOLCOTT ADMITTED TO BAIL.—WASHINGTON, March 23.—Last evening, Judge Crawford agreed to admit Mr. Wolcott, the refractory witness, to bail—recognizing Wm. Willard, Esq., of Willard's hotel, in the sum of two thousand dollars as his security. Mr. W. left for Boston this evening.

THE San Antonio (Texas) *Herald* reports the seizure and impressment by the Mexican forces of several citizens of Webb county. Their release was demanded by Capt. Brackitt, U. S. A. A meeting of the citizens of Webb county was held, and resolutions adopted protesting against this and other outrages.

SHOCKING ACCIDENT.—Last Saturday afternoon Miss Sarah Barnard, aged 21, the only daughter of George M. Barnard, was burned to death at her father's residence, in Lancaster, Pa. Her under clothes caught fire from the grate, and before assistance could reach her life was extinct.

THE LAKES OF MINNESOTA.—The St. Paul *Minnesotian* publishes a list of eighty-four of the lakes of Minnesota, which vary in size from one to thirty miles in length. There are many more lakes in the Territory, but these were omitted from the list because they had no names. The Leavenworth *Times*, of the 19th ult., says that the previous morning two companies of infantry and two of cavalry had left the fort for Utah. The command numbers about 330 men. They design overtaking Col. Hoffman, and escorting the supply train for Col. Johnston's army from Fort Laramie. This train consists of 160 heavily laden wagons.

THE Cambridge (Md.) *Herald* says there is a woman in that county who has eighty-five children, grand-children, and great-grand-children.

THE Chicago *Press* has an advertisement, forty columns long, of lands in that city delinquent for taxes.

A SUIT has been commenced before a justice's court in Troy, N. Y. One party has sued another to recover $10 alleged to have been promised him for "a valuable consideration"—in procuring a wife for the defendant!

THE Grove Point farm, in Cecil county, Md., containing 1,350 acres, the property of the late Samuel Catts, of Delaware, has been sold to Mr. John F. Cunningham of Delaware, for the sum of $21,000. Mr. Catts bought this property about twenty years ago for $8,000.

RIGHT.—Captain Travis, who, for a wager of $1,000, has agreed to try his skill at Louisville, Ky., in shooting two oranges from the head of a boy, will probably have to find some other than that place for the exploit to come off. Mayor Pilcher, of that city, in a proclamation to the chief of the police, dated on the 17th instant, denounces the thing as criminal, and commands him to arrest all persons who may be engaged in the experiment.

THE committee ordered by the Emperor of the French to prepare for publication the Correspondence of Napoleon the First, is about to issue the first volume of its labors. The Emperor himself has revised the press. This first volume is said to contain a great number of hitherto unknown documents.

THE IRISH IMMIGRATION.—An Irish paper—the Belfast *Banner*—states that emigration in the present year will be much less than in previous years, in consequence of the American distress. In six months, it says, more persons returned from America to Belfast than emigrated from that port during the whole of 1857. At present there are but two vessels ready to sail with passengers for New York and Quebec, while formerly more than twenty left there with emigrants during the same season.

THE revivals at New York continue all the rage, so to speak. The crowd at Burton's old theatre, in Chambers street, at noon to-day, was, if possible, greater than ever. The unctuous Burton himself was present, and was reported to be very seriously affected. A great many ladies were present. The theatre was lighted up, and the whole scene was one of the most picturesque, yet impressive, imaginable. Though there were a great many hard cases of both sexes present, yet everything was quiet and orderly. Lewis Baker, who was tried for the murder of Bill Poole, was stated to be present.

A NEW TERRITORY.—A resolution was introduced into the Wisconsin Legislature last Tuesday, proposing to cede back to the general government all that part of the State lying north of the third correction line, provided Michigan will cede back that part of her State north and west of Lake Michigan, for the purpose of forming a new territory.

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* The London Illustrated Times says *forty*. *Ed. Post.*

"Selina, I asked you last night whether you intended to go to Lady Burnham's breakfast, at that rural villa of theirs. Of course if you go I will accompany you, but otherwise I have some business, I should like to attend to on Thursday."

"I can't go," answered Selina. "I have nothing to wear."

"Nothing to wear!"

"Nothing on earth."

"How can you say so?"

"I did think of ordering a suitable toilette for it, and was at Damereau's about it yesterday. But after what you said last night—"

Selina stopped, pouted, and looked inclined to cry.

"My dear, what do you mean? what did I say? Only that you seemed, to me, never to appear in the same dress, whether at home or out; and I begged you to remember that our income was limited. You know, though it is nominally two thousand a year, out of that—"

"You said I changed my dresses four times a day, Oscar," she interrupted, cutting short his argument.

"Well. Don't you?"

"But everybody else does. Some five times. You would not like me to come down in the morning and go to bed at night in the same dress, would you?"

"I suppose not. It's of no use asking me about dress, Selina. I scarcely know one gown from another. But it does strike me that you have a most extraordinary number of new things. Go out or come in when I will, there's sure to be the milliner's porter and basket at the door."

"Would you have me look an object?"

"You never do look an object."

"Of course I don't. I guard against it. I'd give the world to go to this fête at the Burnhams'. Every soul will be there but me."

"And why not you, if your heart is so set upon it? I think all such affairs a stupid bore: but that's nothing."

"Would you wish me to go there in a petticoat?"

"No, I suppose not. I tell you I am no judge of ladies' dress. I don't think I should know a petticoat from a gown. Those are gowns, are they not, hanging in rows round the walls in the rooms above, and covered up with sheets and tablecloths."

"Sheets and tablecloths! Oscar!"

"My dear, they look like it."

"Well—if they are gowns—there's not one I can wear."

"They are all new recently," said Mr. Dalrymple. "What's the matter with them?"

"There's not one I can wear," persisted his wife.

"It can't be the color. For I'm sure there's a gown of every shade of every color under the sun. What is it?"

"What is it!" repeated Mrs. Dalrymple, in quite a contemptuous tone, for she had no patience with such ignorance. "You ought to know what it is."

"My dear, I really don't. If you wish me to know, you must tell me."

"*I have worn them once*," angrily answered Mrs. Dalrymple. "And some twice, and some three times. And one—Oscar," she broke off, "you remember that lovely one, a sky blue, shot with white, *à disposition?*"

"What in '*à disposition?*'" interrupted he.

"Oh—a silk, flounced, and the flounces have some design upon them, embossed, or raised, sometimes of a different color. That one dress I have worn five times. I have, Oscar. Five times!"

"I wear my coats fifty times five," said Mr. Dalrymple.

"The idea of my being seen at Lady Burnham's in a dress I have worn before!" uttered Selina, passing by his remark with the scorn it deserved. "No! I'd rather go in a petticoat, of the two evils, and hide my head for ever afterwards."

Mr. Dalrymple was puzzled.

"Why could you not be seen, there or anywhere else in a dress you have worn before?"

"Why couldn't I!" exclaimed Mrs. Dalrymple, in a tone of suppressed exasperation.

"Selina, I only ask to know."

"Because nobody else ever does."

"Then what becomes of all the new gowns?" inquired the wondering man.

"For goodness' sake don't keep on calling them 'gowns.'"

"Dresses, then. What becomes of them?"

"Oh—they do for the country. And underrobes, glacé slips, and that, we can wear again here, over so many times, because they are not seen, only the color showing through; or the little piece in front, if the upper dress is left flying, and that can be altered to look different by means of trimming."

She might as well have talked to him in madame's French, which was a sealed language to Oscar Dalrymple, for all the sense he could make of the speech. He looked perplexed. And she cross.

"You do not understand me."

"That I do not, Selina."

"It is not to be expected. A husband who *can*, and pushes his nose into his wife's toilette, is only fit for a man-milliner. I am not saying this at you, Oscar: I am saying you don't. We never worry our heads to interfere between you and your tailors, and pry into the shape and make of your waistcoats and buttons and things, and we do not expect to have it done by us."

"Selina, let your grievance come to an end. I do not like to hear this tone; it matters of reproach towards me."

"Then you must retract what you said last night."

"My dear, I said nothing to hurt you. I did not mean to do so."

"It was as if you wanted me never to have another dress again."

"Nay, Selina, you must have what dresses you want: with a due regard to the smallness of our income. You must not overlook that."

"Don't be foolish, Oscar. Do you fear I am going to ruin you? What's the cost of a few dresses? I *must* have one for this morning fête."

"My dear, have what you like; you are the best judge. Only bearing in mind what I have said; of course I can trust you to do that."

It never entered the long head of Oscar Dalrymple that his wife could go beyond a little imprudence in the matter. He had as much idea of the expense attendant upon an extravagant toilette as the man in the moon, and he did not seek to inform himself. Long-headed, cold, and cautious was he; never but upon one subject had he been warm in his whole life; and that was his love for Selina, when she was Miss Dalrymple. To say that he had loved her passionately, all the more passionately because it had been hidden, would not be saying enough; upon that one point he was a simpleton; his love fooled him to it. Unexpectedly he succeeded to the family estate, and then he spoke; and Selina, after some vacillation, married him. He was not yet disenchanted; and he never glanced at the possibility that his wife could bring on real embarrassment through extravagance.

"My dear, have what you like; you are the best judge."

The words were as the sweetest music in her ears. She sprang up, humming a scrap of a song.

"You dear, good Oscar! I knew you were never going to be an old griffin. I think I must have that lovely green and white gauze. It was the most magnificent dress. I was divided between that and a lemon-colored damask. I'll have the gauze. And gauze dresses cost nothing."

"Nothing?"

"Next to nothing. Oh, Oscar, there's another thing. My presentation. I have gone on, and on, waiting for Lady Dalrymple to come to town, and now there are only two drawing-rooms more. Mrs. Cleveland goes to the next, and will present me. Shall she?"

"If you must be presented at all. I don't see any good in it, for my part. Your mother never was presented; and you only occupy the place she did, Selina."

"You are a Goth:" exclaimed Mrs. Dalrymple. "I declare it is quite disrespectful to her Majesty, to say you see no good in a drawing-room! It's as bad as treason."

"Not quite," answered Oscar, in his dry way. "I have little doubt her Majesty is glad enough when a drawing room day is over. She would not miss you."

"I shall tell Mrs. Cleveland I go with her to the next," said Selina, disposing of the matter. "And order my court dress to-day."

She flew up-stairs. It was early yet to appear at Madame Dameresu's; custom had regulated a later hour. What cared Mrs. Dalrymple for custom, just then? What does any lady, young and vain, care for it, when a fête-dress and a court-dress are waiting to be decided on? She would go and have madame's ear all to herself, before others came to share it.

She pulled aside the "sheets and tablecloths," and glanced underneath. It was a goodly stock of dresses; but yet not all the stock: for the lace, and muslin, and filmsy gauze, and delicate white, and delicate pearl, and delicate pink, and delicate other shades, were reposing in drawers, out of sight, between folds of tissue paper. Barège and balzarine: satin, plain and figured; velvet; silk, plain, damask, flowered, shot, corded, and glacé; robes à disposition, and robes not; two flounced robes, and three-flounced, and four-flounced, and double-skirted, and open; so many that the eye looked to their colors for relief. Beautiful colors; green, blue, pink, lilac, purple, gray; pearl, stone, violet, brown, amber, lemon; not a dress of every color, but a dress of every shade of every color. And yet—new, and rich, and elegant as they were, Mrs. Dalrymple could not go to the fête without a new one!

"I want a thousand things," cried Selina, when she reached Madame Dameresu's. "Have you sold the green-and-white gauze dress?"

No, was madam's answer, she had kept it on purpose for Madame Dalreemp. Milady Oaktoune had come in yesterday afternoon late, and wanted it, but she had told milady it was sold.

Selina took it all in. The fact was, madame had tried to persuade Milady Oakton into it, but milady was proof against the price. It was only seventeen guineas, and, that included the fringe and trimmings. Selina had told her husband that gauze dresses cost nothing! She was too eager to ask the price now.

"I shall go in it to the breakfast on Thursday. What mantle can I wear?"

A momentous question. Mrs. Dalrymple and Madame Dameresu ran over the mantles, scarfs, shawls, &c., possessed by the former, as many as they could recollect, and came to the conclusion that there was not one that would "go with it."

"I have a lace mantle," said madame—"ah! but it is recherché!—a real Brussels. If there is one dress in my house that it ought to go with, it is that green-and-white."

She brought it forward and exhibited it upon the dress. Very beautiful: of that there was no doubt. It was probably a beautiful price also.

"Twenty-five guineas."

"Oh my goodness—twenty-five guineas!" cried Selina. "But I'll take it. A breakfast fête does not come every day."

"For a wonder—*for* a wonder—Selina had exhibited her white lace bonnet with the emeralds but twice, and came to the conclusion that that 'would do.' Not that she hesitated at buying another, but that it was so suitable to the green-and-white dress.

"And now for my court—Oh, stop: I think I must have a new parasol. My point-lace one is soiled, and I caught it in my bracelet the other day, and tore it a little. You had a beautiful point-lace parasol here yesterday. Let me see it."

"The one you were looking at yesterday will not do," cried madame. "It is lined with blue; Madame Dalreemp knows that blue can never go with the green dress. I have got one parasol—ah, but it is the beauty!—a point-lace, lined with white. I will get it. It does surpass the other."

It did surpass the other, and in price also. Selina chose it. It was twenty guineas.

"And now about my court-dress. I am going to the next drawing-room. It must be all white, of course."

"Je crois bien que oui," answered madame. "As if a bride, with taste, would be presented in anything else."

At this juncture who should come in but Mrs. Cleveland.

"Your court-dress need not cost you very much," she said to Selina, "and it is nearly the end of the season. White is less expensive than anything else. For about fifteen pounds you may have one of elegant simplicity; always best for a presentation."

Madame Dameresu turned up her nose, and Selina turned hers down; both in contempt of the advice. White silk was fixed upon; not very expensive in itself; but before its appurtenances were completed, its train, and its trimmings, and its lace (real Mechlin), and its ribbons, and its fripperies, and its head-dress, and its flowers, and its feathers, it had amounted to—not pounds, but scores.

Mrs. Dalrymple went to the breakfast, and she and her attire were lovely amidst the lovely. She went to the drawing-room, presented by the Honorable Mrs. Cleveland, and the admiration and envy she excited were great. Very satisfactory to her, no doubt: very gratifying to her heart, which was just then topsy-turvy with vanity. And so it went on to the end of the season, and her pleasurable course was never checked; it was a dazzling career of dress, vanity, and admiration.

When they were preparing to return to the Grange, and her maid was driven wild with perplexity as to the stowing away of so extensive a wardrobe, and conjecturing that the carriage down of it would alone come to "something," it occurred to Selina, as she sat watching, that the original cost would also come to "something." Some hundreds, she feared, now she came to see the whole collection in a mass.

"Of course I shan't let *him* see it," she soliloquised, alluding to her husband. "I'll get the bill from madame before I leave; and then there'll be no fear of its coming in to him at the Grange."

Mrs. Dalrymple asked for the bill, and madame, under protest that there was no hurry in the world, promised to send it in.

Selina was sitting in the drawing-room by twilight when it was delivered to her, enclosed in a large, thick envelope, with an imposing red seal. She opened it somewhat eagerly.

"What makes it such a bulk?" she exclaimed to herself. "Oh, she has detailed the things. I did not care about that." It was written in a business-like, but elegant hand, that of Mrs. Cooper; dates, details, all were there. But Selina could not see clearly in the evening gloom, and she struck a match and lighted the wax taper on her writing-table, anxious to look at the sum total.

"£94," she soliloquised, glancing at the bottom of the first page. "It must be a deal more than that; what does madame mean? Psha!" She found she was only looking at one item; the Venice point-lace for the decoration of a dress.

She held the taper to the bottom of the second page.

"'Moire antique robe, lace, trimmings, and sapphire buttons, £125.' Psha!" again exclaimed Selina.

With a rapid movement she turned the account over to the end, and gazed at the sum total; gazed at it, stared at it, and recoiled from it. Three thousand and odd pounds, odd shillings, and no pence! What the odd pounds were, whether one, or whether nine hundred and ninety-nine, she did not catch, in that moment of terror; the first grand sum of three thousand absorbed her eyes and her faculties. And there floated over her a confused consciousness of other bills to come in: one from the jeweler's, one for shawls, one for expensively-trimmed linen. There was one shawl, real India—but she dared not think of that.

"Have I been mad?" she groaned.

It would be thought so. For she knew that if her husband settled all these, he would be for years a beggar on the face of the earth.

At that moment she heard his step, coming in from the dining-room, and turned sick. She crushed the bill and the envelope, both of stiff satin paper, in her right hand, and thrust them, in her terror, down the neck of her dress. Then she blew out the taper, and turned, with a burning brow and fevered frame, to the window again, and stood there looking out, but seeing nothing.

Oscar came up and put his arm round her, asking whether it was not time to have lights.

"Yes. Presently."

"What in the world have you got here?" cried he. "A ball?"

She pushed the "ball" higher up, and, shaking, murmured something about "some paper."

"What is the matter with you, Selina? You are trembling."

"The night air, perhaps," she managed to answer, in a tone that strove for calmness. "I feel chilly."

Yet it was a hot night. Mr. Dalrymple immediately began to close the window. He was a minute or two over it, for one of the cords was rough and did not go well. When he turned round again, his wife was gone: she had glided silently from the room.

Up the stairs into her own chamber she had flown, and there down upon the carpet, in her remorse and agony, her hot brow prostrate on the floor.

"Disgrace and ruin!" she wailed forth, "what will become of me? Ruin, ruin, inevitable ruin! nothing but disgrace and ruin!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PYTHAGORAS.—In mathematical and astronomical science, and in the usefulness of his inventions, Pythagoras excelled all the philosophers of antiquity. He invented the multiplication table; he discovered that the three angles of every triangle are equal to two right angles, and that the square of the hypothenuse equals the squares of the legs: he taught that the universe consists of four general elements: that the sun is in the centre of our system: that the earth revolves around the sun: that the moon reflects the solar light: that the milky way consists of a multitude of stars; that the distances of the planets are in harmonious proportion: and was the first to discover that Venus is the morning and evening star; and he was an advocate of temperance and opposed to war.

RELIGIO CHRISTI.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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From the soft, still seas of the Equator, I surveyed the past. I saw all its worthlessness. I saw that it was without usefulness, without dignity, without the more elevated pleasures of the affections enjoyed by the ordinary world. One solitary light alone, sad and pale, blessed my path—the lustre of the passing shades of the learned and the brave. What was the future to yield? I knew not. Like wild Caspar of the German woods, I had been restricted to my own solitary domain, till the faculties which should have connected me with the life of the surrounding world were utterly dwarfed.—Grown man, *man* as he was, when they gave him a child's toy horse, he felt himself a great dragon. He had no farther aspiration. So I. Give me a new book, and I knew not to ask for more. The business of life, the end of being, to perform and perpetuate the great, the difficult, the good; the recondite plan, the glorious achievement, that ever-to-be renowned persistence of the soul which, having once cast the die of its determinations, will never cease to be faithful to them till the last figment is worked out—all these were to me strange as the courses of another existence. I know now that true Christian teaching, brought to bear on man, tends directly and solely to make him a nobler being than any hero or demigod of ancient story; but at that time it seemed to me that its most pertinent function was that of metamorphosing him into a cripple and a wretch.

But the day came. One serene, sunny morning, when I came up from my cabin, all hands were at the larboard bulwarks; glasses were pointed and eyes were straining their powers against the far horizon. We were running in N. N. W., on the coast of Australia, at that period commonly called New South Wales.—By noon the land loomed high and dark and mountainous. By-and-bye there appeared a great rift or chasm in this mountain wall, and we rounded to and stood for the centre of it. It was the entrance of Port Jackson, a noble sea inlet, at the head of which, some eight miles inland, the city of Sydney is located. At that time Sydney was merely a town; its population, free and convict together, not above ten or twelve thousand. Presently, as we neared the huge and seemingly perpendicular bluffs, there came dancing over the long, undulating swells the pilot boat, rowed by a strong crew of bare-shouldered and bare-headed New Zealanders, tattooed till there was no further room for tattooing—green, blue, red; hideous as their own idols: but about the best boatmen in the world in an open seaway. By the time the pilot got aboard, we were well in with the mouth of the harbor. On and in we glided, the ship seeming to dwindle into absolute insignificance between the mighty headlands.—But quickly the character of the scene changed. The land on either shore became low and broken; very lofty only where its outline lay traced in the distance on the faint blue of the cloudless sky. Parrots and paroquets of the most splendid plumage, and large white cockatoos, with their pale yellow crests outspread, swept in flocks of a hundred together across the waters, or sat clustered on the trees of some island rock as the ship sailed past, adorning it like a crop of gorgeous flowers. On one shore would appear a little horseshoe bay, margined all round with yellow sand, and hemmed in with wooded hills, overloaded with the same rich dark masses of foliage; for in this clime all the trees are evergreens. On the other shore, the tortuous channel of a far-winding inlet would present itself; then a straight line of low, flat, shingly beach; then boulders large as a house, grim, old-looking, weather-beaten, standing lone, amidst the flashing waters like sentinel genii of the land. And so on till, an angle of the port rounded, we were fairly within what is more strictly called Sydney harbor. At this point the town presented itself, consisting chiefly of freestone buildings of all sorts and sizes, intermingled and ranged in groups and tiers not very regularly on the sides of a hilly promontory. Only one of the sides of this promontory, however, is seen by the approaching voyager; the other side becomes visible only by sailing on round its point into the waters of a second bay, presenting another line of wharves at the back of the town. The same waters might still be followed on some miles further inland, as both a short but wide river enters, and a capacious cove of some miles length strikes off from the opposite side of the bay near this point. We dropped anchor abreast of the main public wharf, about an hour before sunset.

It was by this time the month of November; for our passage had been an unusually tedious one, in fact nearly double the length it ought to have been. Consequently, being in the Southern hemisphere, the Australian summer was just fully set in. The gay cadences of a military band playing in the Government Domain, open at that time in summer as a public promenade, came floating across the water. At this date mercantile business was over at a very early hour in Sydney; the whole line of wharves showed scarcely a human form. But some smart two-oared boats were soon at the ship's side to convey any passengers who pleased to land. Fare (in those days) one British shilling for six strokes of the oars, for no more were needed to bring us to the landing stairs. Ten paces forward and we were in George street, the main thoroughfare. A flight of broad stone steps on the opposite side led up to the next terrace of houses above. In the main street there were already some fine houses built of an excellent free stone, which is the main material of this rocky promontory. But among these more finished edifices, along the whole street we could observe others of the meanest description, down to little cabins on wheels. The street, as a whole, was straight enough, but there was no line maintained by the fronts of the buildings. A short distance down the street, and on the choicest piece of ground in the town, ran the wall of an overgrown military barrack quare. My companion on this evening was the supercargo of the vessel, a young man about my own age. He had been to Sydney before, knew the town, and had some acquaintances. One of them was an architect lately from London. To the house of this gentleman we concluded to go, as it was about his dinner hour. Thither we directed our course, taking our way up the flight of steps to the street above. Here the character of the buildings was of a still inferior description. Each successive terrace had but one row of houses, that on the far or uphill side; in front of these lay the public way; then there was sometimes a low wall, sometimes none; and the roadway in front of the upper row of houses was often level with the roofs of the next below. In many places, instead of a house at the bottom of the cliff, you looked down on a bare unoccupied plot. After the first flight of steps out of the main street, there were no others of regular construction; but only rude approximations to steps, hewn in the rock where it jutted through the earth, and steep narrow lanes. Some wild garbed women and ruffian-looking men sat with their elbows on their knees, and a short dudeen* in their mouths on the door sills, or passed on with a shy leer.

"This," said my companion, as we crossed one row after another of these dens, and passed more than one ill-looking public house where the fiddle was playing, accompanied by the sound of heavy feet on the floor, "is what is called 'The Rocks.' It is a spot where all the *rifraf* of the colony have congregated from time immemorial. The surface you may observe is so abrupt and uneven, and covered with great masses of loose rock, that it would take a hundred thousand pounds to fit it for business purposes; though from its situation at the very extreme of the promontory, with deep water to the very face of the shore all round, it really is the most valuable quarter of the whole town for mercantile purposes. For the most part, it was given away in the unpromising infancy of the settlement by successive Governors to well behaved convicts after they became free; and these gradually drew around them a convict population. Most of the first owners have died off, and their grants have been split up into plots of sometimes only a few feet square, and pretty much the whole tract has now got into the hands of the dregs of the entire colony. But wait till we come back, for I must sleep aboard, and I'll show you the inside of some of these cribs."

We found the gentleman on whom we had devolved the honor of becoming our host, just sitting down to dinner. His mansion (for if ever a building deserved that name this did) he had probably, being an architect, built expressly to advertise his status in his profession to the monied men of Sydney, who might want to build. It was capacious enough for the residence of a prince, situated on a fine level plateau of a few acres, trending easily to the water of the bay, that has been described over the ridge of the promontory at the other side of the town. He welcomed us heartily. He was an individual very nearly related to that personage whom the world pretty generally has agreed to call Mr. John Bull. Our fare, consequently, was just such as one after a long voyage finds that he can betake himself to with the remark that comment is unnecessary. We sat till the stars were in the sky, and the smouldering bush fires on the far side of the bay were beginning to freshen and blaze up anew in the cold night air. Then, shipward.

As we crossed the rocks, the fiddle was marking time to a fiercer revel than before. We entered one of the houses. It was the Old Sheer Hulk. They seemed to stand in no fear of the police, for it was the front room that was the scene of the carouse. It was a low but capacious apartment, with a bar at one end. Clouded with tobacco smoke to suffocation, and filled with uproar, it opened upon me in startling contrast to the Grecian beauty and halcyon peace of the night heavens without, that full of constellations new to northern eyes, I had been contemplating as I came along. All round the room were ragged tables, at which sat groups of sailors, and of convicts free by servitude, but unreformed, and speculating anew in their old occupation. Of these, some were sitting with folded arms, smoking in silence but evidently quite at home; others were playing cards; others singing; others drinking; others vociferating. The half-pint glass of rum seemed to be the sole and universal potation. Whilst in mid-area danced bearded men, many of them with their shirt sleeves rolled up to the very shoulders, amidst women the unseemliest in nature, haggard and hollow-eyed and sallow, their hair dishevelled, capless or with their caps awry, smoking their pipes as they vaulted crazily and awkwardly hither and thither; and mingling with them quite young girls, with beauty still in their features and grace in their forms, if not even lingering tokens of bashfulness and reclaimability. The huge malformed negro who fiddled, was capering with the rest. The candles burnt with a dim, murky, reddish glare in the smoky atmosphere; which, well they might, lighting, as they did, the lost to their doom.

The attractions of such a scene were but brief. In proceeding toward the wharf we made a circuit which brought us into George Street, much further down than where we had crossed it before. It had been one of the first sultry days of the season. On such days there generally blows, or rather thunders along, a heavy westerly wind from the interior seaward, bearing with it clouds of dust from the adjacent hills. More so of course on these days than others, but usually on a warm day not a female form could be met with in Sydney streets till about sunset. But then the wind lulled, and the heat over and the day's occupations at an end, out flocked the whole population. Such evenings constituted one of the prettiest features of the place. George Street seemed to have become the gathering place of the entire body of inhabitants, rapidly promenading alike on the causeways and level road between them, the military band sending its exhilerating music from the Government Domain or the Barrack Square. This had been a warm day in the town, though it was yet far from the hottest season, and the street was still crowded as we passed to the ship.

One of my letters of introduction procured me a situation as clerk in a large steam grain mill, just erected on the outskirts of a populous little town about fifteen miles inland on the sides of the river mentioned as emptying itself into the Sydney waters. This town was the head-quarters of the female convict establishment, as Sydney was of the male branch. Here there were from ten to twelve hundred female transports, serving their sentences in a large stone prison, called, however, "The Factory"—a name it probably derived from the inmates being employed in spinning, sewing, and other tasks of a like sort. The mill was situated a short distance from it, by a creek side, on the edge of the woods, about a mile back from the river. As it worked day and night, there were other clerks besides myself. There was also an engineer and miller, and each of us was independent in his own department. The hands were all convicts. A settler or merchant wanting men applied to the superintendent of the convicts, who thereupon "assigned" him as many as he needed, or less, if so many could not be spared. The master fed and clothed them, and found them huts on his own premises, but was not bound to give them any wages. There were generally two or three hard-working and sometimes even trusty men in every settler's gang; but the bulk grudged every service they performed. They were in short, white slaves, and felt the natural repugnance of the caste to toil. These parties and their overseer, together with the miller and engineer, had their abode within on the premises. The clerks lived where they pleased. The American system of boarding houses was unknown. Every one had to be cook in turn if he wished to eat. One of the clerks had a little clapboarded cottage about half a mile from the mill and no one with him. So I paired off with him. The week's rations, flour, beef or pork, tea, sugar, tobacco, salt and soap were issued to each person, free and bond, from the mill store every Saturday afternoon; and he then cooked for himself or went hungry as he liked best.

The first evening that I and my hut-mate went home together he had no bread baked. "Come," he said, "let us go off to old C——'s. I'm too hungry to set about baking a cake now, and the baker's is a mile off." Old C—— was one of the first shipload of convicts; had become free, married a convict woman, and with a large family had also succeeded in getting together a very handsome property. He kept a public house, but had lately lost his license for selling liquor to some of the convicts belonging to the mill. But he kept selling on, telling the police to catch him when they could, which, as he had one of the convict clerks employed at the police office courting one of his daughters, and giving him information when any attempt was likely to be made to entrap him, was by no means an easy matter. This house was only on the opposite side of the street: so across we went. The wife was a clean, buxom, matronly-looking dame, whom no one would suspect of having been a transported felon. The children also were both good looking and agreeable. Our appetites supplied, we drank rum for the rest of the evening. The convict police clerk alluded to came home, and joined the company without appearing to be conscious of any inferiority. He seemed to have plenty of money; and I afterwards learned that all the men in the police had, whether free or bond. So corrupt was the whole police system at that time, that if an offender could and would only pay *out* of court, the constables and clerks themselves would be the very parties that would take care he should not go in. Our new acquaintance was a tall, gentlemanly young man, regularly brought up to the law in Dublin. What his crime had been, as things seemed to go in the country, I did not then feel it necessary to ask him, nor did he see fit to make the most distant allusion to it. He was to marry the young lady, with the governor's permission, which was already obtained; and he would then be assigned to her as her convict servant, she being free born, and the law requiring some free person always to have the custody of the convict. I thought it a very pretty arrangement, which I dare say the young lady herself did.

Sometime after midnight we crossed back to our hut. In the morning my hut mate put out some flour on a broad board, which bore marks of having been used for the same purpose before, sprinkled some salt into it, and kneading it up with plain, cold water, made a cake, called in the vernacular of the colony, a damper. I forgot to say that the evening before, previously to going across the road, he had made down in the broad fireplace, constructed for burning wood on the mere ground, a fire of large logs, which had burnt away in the middle, when we came home; and then before we went to bed heaped the still burning ends together on the middle spot, and covered them with ashes; here, charring all night, they now, on being uncovered, showed a pile of glowing embers. Removing these to one side, he opened for his cake a berth in the red hot ashes, and covering it up with the same, left it for about twenty minutes. On taking it out and dusting it clean with a dry towel, it proved some of the most delicious and substantial bread I ever ate. This, with some steaks of the rich, juicy beef of the colony, and a quart of strong tea apiece, made in quart pots before the fire, and prodigally sweetened, constituted our breakfast; as indeed it did also our dinner and our supper for some days, when it was slightly varied for a time by the substitution of salt pork for the beef. So much for our domesticity.

Such a domesticity was one of but weak attractions. We had no books; so, as a matter of course, our evenings were spent in strolling from one tavern to another. My fellow clerk was even more dissipated than myself. But there was this difference between us: he had resolution enough to do otherwise if he had wished; but he did not wish; he held it to be about the best way he could spend his time. I thought otherwise, felt ashamed of such a course of life, resolved and re-resolved to amend, but ever failed to do so. By-and-bye our employer took umbrage at our behaviour, probably thought the cash receipts of the business would not be faithfully accounted for by my companion if he kept such late hours, and discharged us both.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

* Short pipe.

FOOTE expressed a belief that a certain miser would take the beam out of his own eye if he knew he could sell the timber.

NEW POEM BY CHAS. KINGSLEY.

[Ticknor & Fields will publish in a few days "Andromeda and other Poems," by Kingsley. We have a fine piece from the new volume:]

ODE TO THE NORTHEAST WIND.

Welcome, wild Northeaster!
Shame it is to see
Odes to every zephyr;
Ne'er a verse to thee.
Welcome, black Northeaster!
O'er the German foam;
O'er the Danish moorlands,
From thy frozen home.
Tired we are of summer,
Tired of gaudy glare,
Showers soft and steaming,
Hot and breathless air.
Tired of listless dreaming,
Through the lazy day;
Jovial wind of winter
Turn us out to play!
Sweep the golden reed-beds;
Crisp the lazy dyke;
Hunger into madness
Every plunging pike.
Fill the lake with wild fowl;
Fill the marsh with snipe;
While on dreary moorlands
Lonely curlew pipe.
Through the black fir forest
Thunder harsh and dry,
Shattering down the snow flakes
Off the curdled sky.
Hark! the brave Northeaster!
Breast-high lies the scent,
On by holt and headland,
Over heath and bent.
Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Through the sleet and snow!
Who can over-ride you?
Let the horses go!
Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Down the roaring blast;
You shall see a fox die
Ere an hour be past.
Go! and rest to-morrow,
Hunting in your dreams,
While our skates are ringing
O'er the frozen streams.
Let the luscious South-wind
Breathe in lovers' sighs,
While the lazy gallants
Bask in ladies' eyes.
What does he but soften
Heart alike and pen?
'Tis the hard grey weather
Breeds hard English men.
What's the soft Southwester?
'Tis the ladies' breeze,
Bringing home their true loves
Out of all the seas:
But the black Northeaster,
Through the snow-storm hurled,
Drives our English hearts of oak
Seaward round the world!
Come! as came our fathers,
Heralded by thee,
Conquering from the eastward,
Lords by land and sea.
Come; and strong within us
Stir the Vikings' blood,
Bracing brain and sinew;
Blow, thou wind of God!

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

A SEQUEL TO QUEEN STORK.

Queen Stork's power was, as I have said, completely established. The school submitted at discretion. Often since I have wondered at the completeness of our subjection. Positively, we were more like the slaves of some Eastern despot than pupils at an English school. There was, to be sure, an odd sort of pleasure in submitting to the rule of the heroine of so many romantic dreams. Then there was a self-complacent feeling that we were yielding rather to a principle than to outward compulsion. Perhaps, too, one cause of the princess's extraordinary influence lay in the utter absence of the slightest familiarity of intercourse: not a word of civility, far less of praise or approval, ever passed her lips. Rewards were out of the question. Those who did well were simply not punished. On the other hand, in correction, she was sternness itself. She rarely, indeed, resorted to the rod—never again in the case of a senior. It had become a fashion to obey her least command, and she would have been at a loss for any serious provocation. But, impositions, confinement to school, bread-and-water diet, badges of disgrace, were dispensed with a merciless hand.

In addition, she doubled all the regular tasks, and managed, in various ways, so to stimulate the energies of the school, that I am sure, in the five weeks of her iron rule, our education was advanced by at least as many months. I'm bound to admit that, while she furnished our heads, she did not neglect our stomachs. A remarkable change came over the housekeeping department, such as could not possibly be owing to Queen Mob. The dinners were beautifully cooked, plentiful and excellent, hearts being altogether omitted. Coffee and chocolate were provided for those who preferred them. Even "Will's basket" underwent an enforced improvement, and that most fraudulent purveyor found himself, to his extreme disgust, compelled to provide new and wholesome cakes, at a reduced profit of only fifty per cent.

I must go back a little.

Though the princess had, one might imagine, enjoyed a sufficient revenge, it was evident she could not forgive Harry Maitland. Not in the least was she mollified by his subsequent submission. In vain the poor fellow labored to regain her good opinion. Perfectly just in everything else, with *him* she seemed to go out of her way to seek causes of irritation. Sometimes she would treat him with contemptuous neglect, passing him over in the class as though he were invisible; at other times my lady would pounce upon him with a difficult passage—nay, with the entire lesson, and woe to him if he made a single error!

Once she compelled him to repeat three times over a particular passage, on the pretence that he did not read distinctly; and for a slight impatience in his tone on the third attempt to please her, gave him a thousand lines of Homer to write out and learn by heart! It cost him five days' confinement, and was exacted to the last letter!

But the most trying thing of all was this:—There was a chap in one of the junior classes who happened to be a favorite of Harry's. He was a clever boy, but had a singular defect of memory, arising from nervous sensibility, which caused him frequently to break down in class, though a moment before completely master of the lesson. He went up one morning, a little beaten by the double task, and as he passed his friend Harry, who sat within speaking distance of the platform, cast an appealing look at him, which Harry could not fail to understand.—Whether the princess's eagle eye discerned it also, I can't say; at all events, she on the instant singled out poor little Freddy as her victim, and with the first sharp question knocked all that remained of the lesson out of his head. Freddy fidgeted, colored, began to cry—when Harry ventured a slight prompt. Carefully as it was managed, the princess's ear caught the sound. The boding smile appeared. Presently the class was dismissed, Freddy ordered to remain, and "Mr. Weekes" summoned to a conference.

Poor Freddy, who had never been punished before, and had an especial dread of pain, displayed such an agony of terror that Maitland determined to intercede. He respectfully approached the princess, and, with manly deference, apologized for the interference, pointing out that the fault was his, and offering to submit to any fitting penalty in place of the frightened Freddy.

The princess smiled haughtily, but gave no other answer, and poor Fred's shoulders had to bear their own burden, and, perhaps, thanks to Harry, a little more.

Now, I dare say you wonder why, in the name of goodness, Harry bore all this so patiently.

It's not odd at all. Here's the secret. Now, don't laugh. *Harry Maitland was in love!*

Upon my word of honor it's true. It was written, I suppose, in the book of his destiny that he *should* be spooney on the princess. For, without any liking or splashing on Harry's part, that lady had quietly popped him into her net. He was gone, helpless, fettered—a captive and a slave. We couldn't chaff him much on the subject. It was no joke to Harry, and he cut up so fierce, that we were obliged to contemplate the rise and progress of his curious attachment in silent surprise. He was, we could perceive, not a little disgusted and annoyed with himself, and, I dare say, could not help feeling that there was something absurd in the grim satisfaction with which he found himself yielding to the caprices of his young tyrant. I believe that he was rather disappointed than otherwise that she never flogged him again; but she had better instruments of torture than the black rod, and reserved the operations of the latter chiefly for the benefit of Brome Debary and Charley Lysons, in whose breasts certainly no sentiment found room save those of intense hatred and burning vengeance.

One morning, a rumor prevailed that Styles's illness had taken one of its sudden turns; that he was, in fact, convalescent, and anxious to resume the duties of direction. It was perfectly true. Moreover, his medical advisers having recommended compliance with his wishes, it was announced that on the Tuesday following he would resume his place in school; the preceding day, Monday, being given up to a school *fête*, to be held in some woodlands in the vicinity in honor of his recovery.

To say that we were not glad of the approaching change would be hardly true. *I* was, for one, for I was an idle young scamp, and, as such, had no chance with the princess. Nevertheless, we had shaken into the new harness, and had, upon the whole jogged on comfortably enough.

Poor Harry, however, was heart-sick at the idea of being delivered from his task-mistress. Unforgiven, too! After all his sufferings and patience, and endeavors to conciliate, would she withdraw from the superintendence without one word, one look, to show that she was conscious of his repentance? It seemed too cruel. It was too true.

The last day of Queen Stork's authority arrived. During the concluding hours of business, she, for the first time, relaxed her haughty bearing. She complimented several boys on their improvement and diligence, making the silly chaps color with pleasure. She shook hands with the leaders of the several classes—(Harry was second in *his*, and it went to his soul to see the little white hand conceal itself within the brown, cricket-hardened fist of old Bill Stumps); she actually thanked one big fellow, whom she had rather bullied, for the good feeling which had prompted his submission to her "needful severity;" she called up Brome Debary (whom she had flogged by the hand of Looby thirteen times), and, presenting him with a beautiful book, and a kind exhortation to peruse the same, sent him away in a passion of forgiving tears. To Looby Weekes she presented the black rod itself, not without a gentle intimation that, had he made its acquaintance earlier in his career, it was possible he might not still have been engaged in mortal strife with Corderius.

That remarkable relic remains still among the archives of the school, and a very pretty instrument it is. That *I* can tell you!

Five o'clock struck.

Jump! went Harry's heart, as if he had not expected it. What, not one word? Unjust to the last.

The princess rose, and locked her desk. The school rose also, and remained respectfully standing. Harry Maitland was so placed that she must approach him closely in order to leave the room. She bowed to the masters, then to the boys, turned, her eyes swept over Harry's speaking face, but there was—none. The door opened—closed—she was gone!

Queen Stork had fulfilled her mission. She took the school in idleness, confusion, rebellion. She restored it in the most complete and healthy order, improved in manner, in feeling, in study. She took with her the unfeigned respect of seventy-three boys and the heart of *one*.

The *fête* came off, as proposed. A glorious day, warm, with a soft, fresh breeze, that gives animation to everything, and calls out the light and color from Nature's cheeks and eyes.—(That's not my idea; it's from a fellow's theme who had rather a flowery style.) The fun began with a splendid cricket-match, in which a neighboring school were our antagonists, and got a jolly licking; Styles, who was always greatly interested in our successes, giving £5 among the winners. Then we had football, hare and hounds, and lots of other games, for which the playground at home was too confined.

At three o'clock we sat down on the grass, under some splendid sycamores, to a regular feast, and such a revel you never saw. Styles, though still weak, was in high spirits, and did his best to make everybody comfortable.

So did the princess.

She still wore her mask, of course, but she had also a round hat with a fall of black lace that lessened the ugliness. Still, she looked strange enough: and the boys of the other school could not make her out at all, especially as we mystified them to the utmost. But, on this happy day, Queen Stork's grace and kindness, not to mention her beauty—for whatever was the matter with her eyes, we knew well enough by this time that all the rest was beautiful—won everybody's heart.

And poor Harry! I forgot him; so, indeed, did many of us, for he disappeared early in the day. Once he threw himself into the path of his inexorable mistress, and she turned proudly away. Deeply wounded, the poor boy hurried from the scene of festivity, plunged into the thickest part of the woodland, and, after rambling about alone for some time, threw himself on the ground at the foot of an old oak. Here he lay, as he afterwards told us, listening to the just distinguishable shouts of the merry-makers. It was now about four o'clock, the feast must be over, and they are no doubt drinking healths—Styles's, the princess's, even Queen Mob's. *He* lay there alone, as much forgotten as though he had never breathed.—One only gleam of comfort visited his soul.—Seeing how *she* hated him, she would rejoice in his absence (if, indeed, she noticed it), and *might*, he thought, give him credit for purposely removing an unwelcome object from her sight. But it was a mingled feeling: and, as it passed through his mind, caused his heart to swell, and certain unmanly drops to make the boughs he gazed on grow suddenly indistinct. I asked you not to laugh at him. However he came by it, it was his first great grief, his first great love; and I dare say he was, for the time, as unhappy as any of that disconsolate lot—the rejected lovers.

It's a very uncomfortable feeling that, of thinking everything in nature jollier than one's self. It doesn't seem fair, you see, that the very ants—(Harry might have crushed a score or so of them with a turn of his foot)—should be so happy and busy, nor did it seem altogether the thing, that a little flower close beside him should be turning a confident blue eye upward, as though it had never known an uncomfortable moment, while immortal man lay tossing, writhing, weeping, in helpless sorrow!—(These observations, you must understand, are Harry's own—when he afterwards told us all about it.)

Harry thought he never could be happy again, and that he would rather die at once. But he was only fifteen, and even that effectual remedy seemed rather a shame. Then came into his mind, with a new pang, two lines of Homer, which occurred in his last imposition, where discontented Thetis is pitching into the Thunderer about her son:

So short a space the light of heaven to view—
So short a space—and filled with sorrow, too.

He almost felt it prophetic.

Exactly at this moment a sound, scarcely louder than a dropping leaf, caused him to look round. He leaped to his feet.

The princess!——

"What are you doing here away from your companions?" she asked him, coldly.

"Nothing, as you see, Miss Percival," said Harry, with a dismal effort at a smile.

"They have nearly finished their repast. Why did you not join them?"

"I was not hungry."

"Give me the true reason."

"I will," said Harry, coloring. "I left, Miss Percival, that—that there might be nothing to offend your sight, on a day which owes so much of its happiness to you."

"On the contrary, you seem resolved to displease me, to the last. How should the absence of one of my—of Mr. Styles's—best scholars, gratify me?"

"Your manner assured me of it," said Harry.

"You might have had patience."

"Patience! Oh!" sighed poor Harry, and stopped.

The princess smiled involuntarily. Harry's heart revived and expanded like a frozen butterfly.

"Oh, Miss Percival," he began.

"What is the matter?"

"You have forgiven me?"

"I have, long since; but I had reason for concealing it. To-day I meant to have told you; and to have thanked you, publicly, for the advantage derived from your good example. It is now your turn to pardon, if I have used too great severity. Do so, and forget both it and me. I leave this house to-morrow, and in this world we shall never meet again."

"Oh, do not say so!" cried Harry, in an agony. "Do you forgive me, Miss Percival, and make me happy with your generous praise, only to condemn me to a worse punishment than ever?"

"Singular boy! What do you mean?"

"I scarcely know, myself," said Harry, rather wildly. "Perhaps I am mad. Am I? Oh, then, pardon my disordered words, and believe that I would rather die than offend you. Miss Percival, you think that these five weeks have been a time of penance to me. They have been the most blessed of my life! I did, indeed, my utmost to avert your displeasure; but, when I *could* not, then the penalties with which you visited my unwilling offences were pleasant to me, since they were assigned by you; and now you leave us, suddenly—oh, how suddenly! And there is no longer peace, or hope, or happiness in the world! Oh, that I were that flower you are crushing with your feet. One moment, *then*, and I should never more be conscious of your absence, nor your scorn!"

Harry had sunk upon his knees at her feet.

The princess was strangely moved. You observe, Harry had said nothing about *love*. But he was talking to a woman. Bless you! they know, directly, when a fellow's in earnest and when he isn't, and often save you a deal of trouble! She laid her hand on the young bowed head:

"My bad, *poor* boy," she began. Then, with an effort, she regained her usual self-command. "Know you what it *is* you think you love? You have never seen my face."

A sudden thought rose in Harry's mind.

"Oh, *let* me see it. Ah."

"You seriously desire it?"

"With all my soul!"

The princess hesitated.

"Have you courage?"

"For anything."

"Reflect," she said, earnestly. "You know not what you ask. You may repent it. You *will*. Be satisfied."

"Be merciful," said Harry, eagerly. "Show me your face."

"Prepare, then."

She put her hand to the fillet. A moment's irresolution—then she tore it off.

Harry, nerved as he was, started back as though some one had thrust a candle in his face! Well he might. They were not eyes that beamed on him, but a pair of sister-stars (so Harry, in his poetic fervor, described them,) so bright that one wonders from whence eyes, set in the accustomed manner, in flesh and blood, derive such unfathomable depth and lustre. They were fringed, moreover, with silken guards, that must, when closed in sleep, have trespassed considerably upon the delicate cheek beneath.

Poor Harry almost felt inclined to shade his own, as he looked at these long-concealed glories, and wondered how even that artfully-hideous mask could have so effectually misrepresented them!

After a minute's pause the princess spoke:

"Now for the moral of the mystery," she said, with a sad smile. And, without replacing the mask, she sat down beneath the tree, and signed to Harry to do the like.

"About three years since, at little more than sixteen, I was engaged to be married to my cousin, Gordon Huntley."

"Gordon Huntley!" exclaimed Harry, involuntarily. "He whose extraordinary—"

"Let me speak without interruption," said his companion, almost fiercely, "or you will know no more. My story shall not try your patience.

"Our parents, almost from the cradle, projected our union, and, what seems marvellous enough, our early acquaintance with this fact led to no quarrels with our fate, or with each other! It would have been next to impossible to quarrel with Gordon. His nature was, in truth, almost *too* gentle and placable. I tried, more than once, to ruffle his complacent mood, for no better reason than to gratify myself with the novel employment of pouring oil upon the troubled waves. I looked on every side for a cause of dissension. Perseverance in that amiable pursuit is seldom unrewarded. My cousin had one singular fancy. His admiration of what he called my beauty, centred principally in my eyes! He would lie at my feet in perfect contentment, gazing upward at these organs, declaring that he knew their language as intimately as his mother tongue—could plead, jest, argue with them—and needed no other channel whatever for the interchange of ideas.

"At first this fancy amused me, then perplexed, and ended by positively irritating me. I felt as if the spell which seemed to fascinate *him* began to exercise some influence upon myself! My eyes began to talk at random. At all events, I would submit them no longer to his interpretation. Here, too, was the opportunity I needed, of testing his plausibility.

"One morning, when I had promised to walk with him, I made my appearance wearing one of the thickest veils I could find. It was closely wrought, and covered with black stars, which effectually concealed my eyes.

"Gordon laughingly remonstrated, and begged leave to disencumber my bonnet of that disfigurement. I replied by securing it with a ribbon under my chin, and then quietly informed him that, until he gave me his promise to refrain from that gazing pastime which had ceased to be agreeable to me, I should not lay aside this shield. My cousin said little in reply; but either piqued by my tone, or imagining it a mere caprice, refused to make the promise I required.

"When, however, on the succeeding day, and the next, and next, I appeared similarly veiled, poor Gordon's patience gave way. Promise he would not, but he exhausted every argument and entreaty in his endeavor to make me rescind my determination. I remained firm; it was a fair trial of temper, one I had myself provoked; and, though fifty times on the eve of tearing off the object of contention and scattering it to the winds, I kept that better impulse under stern control.

"At the end of a week the crisis came. We were walking in a little wood near my mother's house. Gordon tried one last argument—speaking with a gentle but anxious persuasiveness that went to my heart. Conscience whispered it was no longer the question of a fragment of lace, but of gentleness, docility, obedience, promising wifely love thereafter. My fingers grew restless, were actually stealing towards the detested veil when my cousin, suddenly changing his tone, added,

"'But if you will not—'

"In a second, pride was in a blaze. I did not wait for the conclusion of what portended a threat.

"'Never, never,' I said, 'until you not only give me the promise I require, but apologise for this strange and unwarrantable persecution.'

"'Are you serious?' he said. 'Cousin'—his voice faltered—'for mercy's sake beware what you do. Do not jest with me. That is past. All is bitter earnest now. Decide, but not hastily. Take one minute—'

"'*One minute?*' Without a pulse's pause, I turned and walked away—away from love, from peace, from hope, from pardon, for ever, ever, in this weary world.

"I never saw him again; nor *I*, nor any that knew or loved him. He never returned to his home, nor bade farewell to any, by letter or by word. His wealth—for he was rich—remained without a master, as his fate without a clue.

"I, *too*, formed my resolution. The eyes I had refused to his loving gaze should never be looked upon by others—should do penance until his return, or until all rational hope of it was gone. I have worn this mask three years—three years. *These* are the eyes, boy; gaze on them, abhor them. Oh!" she continued, starting up with a burst of eager passion, "how long, how long must I endure this misery! Alas! my cousin, my friend, my love, my husband, whither did you turn!—what was your fate? Living you cannot be, too generous so to visit a miserable caprice. No; dead, *dead* in some cavern of the dumb, dark sea—slain in foreign battle—starved in the pathless wilderness! Oh! earth, earth, where did you hide my dead? Soul, speak *thou*—rebuke, condemn me; break but this fearful silence with one answering word. *Where, where*, oh, WHERE?"

The last words echoed up the woodland with a wild, despairing sound. She threw up her head, and wrung her little hands in the bitterest anguish.

Harry bowed his face. In the presence of that great sorrow, his own new-born sentiment dwindled into insignificance. At that instant there was a crashing through the boughs, and Fred Prowett, bursting into the open space, rushed up out of breath.

"I thought I heard your voices. Please 'm, make haste, Mr. Styles wants you instantly—instantly."

"Not ill again, I trust?" cried the princess.

"Jolly as possible," said the excited youth. "He's in an arbor we have built for him, and he's got something to show you, a great curiosity. Nobody's to see it before you. So come, please, come."

She assented, and the lad was bounding away, when he halted suddenly:

"Hollo! I'd nearly forgotten half the message—it's Greek. I was to ask you—stop—yes—if you remember a certain passage in Euripides?"

"What's the matter?"

The princess had gone deadly white.

She made no attempt to answer—perhaps she couldn't—but she leaned on Harry's ready arm, and signed faintly her wish to move in the direction indicated.

It was in a pretty glade, where the boys (as Freddy had said) had constructed a bower of green boughs for their master, who was standing outside awaiting the return of his messenger.

As the princess drew near, Queen Mob hobbled from a side-walk, and was making the best of her way to accost her, when Styles interposed.

"Mabel!" he shouted, "at your peril!" (And he shook his fist half playfully at the old hag.) "That's my duty."

Then approaching the princess, he took her hand.

"My sweet cousin and fellow student," he said, cheerfully, "with the greater portion of your sex I should stand on greater ceremony. I told you once you were no common woman, and as you are aware that I always test my theories by experiment, I now proceed to prove it."

She clasped her hands tightly together, and we saw her lips move. You could hardly hear what she murmured:

"Is Heaven so merciful?"

"'Abide in hope,'" said Styles, inclining his head. "And now, my cousin, since I see the brave heart already in battle order, constant for good and evil, look at me. Come hither, Freddy." He leaned his form, somewhat weakened by his recent illness, on the boy's shoulder, and continued:

"Though not an absolute Hercules, my cousin, I flatter myself I can yet execute some faint and feeble imitation of *one* of that hero's exploits. He, as you are aware, brought back a departed wife, what if *I* produce something which shall, I trust, shortly prove a living husband!"

He pulled out a branch from the arbor. Down went the entire front like a screen. There stood a noble soldier figure, the cheek a little thin and deeply browned with many a tropic sun.

"Gordon!"

With no shriek, but that blessed sigh that says so plainly, "Peace at last!" she fell forward into his arms.

That's all.

ALONE.

Patient and faithful, and tender and true,
Praying, and thinking, and working for you—
Bearing all-silently sorrow for years—
Hopefully striving to conquer my fears:
Say, did my patience, my tenderness, truth,
Merit not more than the blight of my youth?

Give me once more my wild energy back,
Give me the hopes that illumined life's track;
Give me the faith that I wasted on you—
Give me the love that I squandered thereto—
You cannot: too lightly you cast them aside,
And for you and all others those feelings have died.

Yet, though the hopes that I cherished are dead,
Though the light from my spirit for ever hath fled,
Though 'twas doubting in God when I doubted in you—
As my standard and type of the leal and the true;
O'er the wreck of my life I would never repine.
If the peace I have lost were but added to thine.

T. D. A.

WHAT IT TAKES TO FEED LONDON.—This vast metropolis eats an amount of food of which it is curious to realize the daily bringing in. The *tableau* is thus ingeniously drawn by a late writer:—"Let us imagine ourselves on the top of a tower a mile high in Hyde Park: we look off to the north, and we see a drove of cattle seventy-two miles long approaching the city; we look to the west, and we see a mass of bleating wool twelve miles in length; again to the south, and we see a herd of swine coming toward us whose driver is ten miles off; after these have arrived at their journey's end, a cloud approaches, which we find to be composed of turkeys, geese, chickens, and game of all sorts—and this extends over fifty-one acres. When we estimate the amount of fish consumed yearly, we find their numbers to be billions, and equal in bulk to the river Thames. And besides these articles of food, if all the hams, bacon, smoked beef, &c., were placed in a pile, they would form a pyramid, whose base would be two hundred feet square, and twelve hundred and ninety-three feet high."

NEW SONG BY BURNS.

[The following song, read at the Burns festival at Cincinnati, was communicated by Mrs. Jane Renwick, of New York, to whom it was addressed when she was a "bonnie Scotch lassie," and a favorite of the Scotch bard. It has never been published in his works:]

TO MISS JANE JEFFREY, DAUGHTER OF THE PARISH PASTOR OF LOCHMABEN, SCOTLAND.

When first I saw my Jeanie's face,
I could na' think what ailed me:
My heart went fluttering pit-a-pat;
My een had nearly failed me.
She's aye sae neat and trim and tight,
All grace does round her hover;
As' look deprived me o' my heart,
And I became her lover.
She's aye, aye sae blythe and gay,
She's aye sae blythe and cheery,
She's aye sae bonny, blythe and gay,
O, gin' I were her dearie!

Had I Dundas's whole estate,
Or Hoptoun's pride to shine in,
Did warlike honors crown my fate,
Or sufter lays entwine in,
I'd lay them a' at Jeanie's feet,
Could I but hope to move her;
And prouder than a peer or knight,
I'd be my Jeanie's lover.
She's aye, aye sae blythe, &c.

But sair I doubt some happier swain
Has gain'd my Jeanie's favor;
If sae, may every bliss be hers,
Tho' I can never have her.
But gang she east, or gang she west,
Twixt Nith and Tweed all over,
While men have eyes, or ears, or taste,
She'll always find a lover.
She's aye, aye sae blythe, &c.

WORDS IN THE EYES.

INDUSTRIOUS FLEAS.

Many of the impostures practised on the public pass without exposure, simply because the few who detect the fraud do not think it worth while to undeceive the many, who believe just what they are told to believe. Thus it happened in the case of the child exhibited some years ago. The tissue of the human iris is made up of a multitude of fibres, interlaced one with the other, and interspersed with minute dots and tufts of a dark-colored substance termed "pigment" which varies very much in different persons, both as to color and quantity. Those who have a light gray or blueish iris often exhibit irregular markings near the edge of the pupil, which a lively imagination may easily resolve into letters. Such I suppose to have been the case with the French child.—Wondering spectators were told they were to see "Napoleon Empereur" written on the eyes, and accordingly they did see it. I do not know whether the eyes were always viewed through a glass, or a tube of any kind; if through the latter, a little ingenuity would suffice to make printed letters, reflected in a concealed mirror, appear to the spectator to be actually upon the surface of the eye. While on this subject I may say a few words on another deception, which had surprising success in London and elsewhere; I allude to the exhibition of the so-called *Industrious Fleas*. The proprietors of these creatures published a description of the labor incurred in training and educating them, and then the astonished spectators were shown the fleas, engaged in all kinds of intelligent occupation; drawing buckets from a well, playing in an orchestra, drawing a carriage, &c., &c. Now, as far as the fleas themselves are concerned, anybody with a little patience may get up such an exhibition in a few hours. Take, for instance, the flea drawing a bucket from a well. The little model being provided, and a fine silver thread arranged to represent the chain, a stout flea is to be glued by his back to a fixed point. Of course he struggles to release himself, and kicks vigorously. If the thread be placed so that the legs just scratch against it, it will be drawn over the little pulley, and the tiny bucket will ascend. The carriage was moved by the struggles of several fleas glued to the little stem which represented the pole: and so on with the other tricks. No doubt it requires patience and neatness of hand to fasten the fleas in their proper positions, and to fabricate the apparatus: but a Geneva watchmaker would smile at the notion of such work being really difficult. The public believed, and no doubt believe to this day, that the fleas were really tamed and taught; and I have heard sensible people gravely bring forward the exhibition of the "Industrious Fleas" as an instance of what human ingenuity and patience can accomplish. —*Notes and Queries.*

SNAKES IN ABYSSINIA.—What was the spiral thing that rolled and unrolled itself at the end of a branch, some inches from my face? A slender serpent some two feet in length, yellow as a dead leaf, with a black ribbon on the spine. Let it bite the most robust man, and he is dead in a few hours. I bounded back. But how shall I describe my terror on seeing the ground at my feet, the branches over my head, the trunks at my side, alive with hundreds upon hundreds of these reptiles, some motionless as a corpse, others slowly wavering in the sunbeams that filtered through the leaves! I felt the fascination of Medusa; overcome with fear, I would have given the world for a free passage and power to fly. Yet I seemed rooted to this perilous ground, not daring to make a step for fear of contact with some of these horrible animals. My legs, feet, chest, and arms were bare, which made my position yet more dangerous. Nevertheless, something must be done. Making myself as small as possible, that the least twig might not be touched; gathering the folds of my mantle around me, and shuddering lest they might inclose a serpent; measuring every space with my eye; now on all fours, now striking down an erected head with the butt of my rifle; now bounding over fallen trunks whose cavities seemed alive with snakes—I struggled on for some five minutes, which seemed an age. At length, the ground becoming clearer, I began running like a madman through the brakes in which I had just found it so difficult to walk. A few bounds brought me on the dry bed of the torrent, ten steps from our tent. I had had hunting enough for one day.—*A. Vassyieres' Travels.*

CONGRESSIONAL.

SENATE.

In Congress the discussion of the Kansas Question still continues, but as the ground has been very nearly exhausted, we shall note the concluding speeches more briefly.

In the Senate on the 20th, Mr. Bayard of Delaware, from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, submitted a report and series of resolutions, relative to the relations existing between the United States and China. The report and resolutions were laid on the table.

Mr. Foote, of Vermont, protested against the Lecompton Constitution, and the admission of Kansas under it. He denied that the parties in Kansas were sectional. The Free State party contained among its members many from the South, while the Pro-Slavery party, he was ashamed to confess, numbered many adherents from the North, the great border ruffian leader, Gen. Calhoun himself, being from Massachusetts. Yes, the very worst class of the border ruffians of Kansas were from the free States; while, of the members of the Free State Legislature of Kansas, 4 were from Virginia alone, while only 5 were from all the New England States.

Mr. Simmons, of Rhode Island, discussed the power of the people of Kansas to change the Lecompton Constitution, denying that they could do so before 1864, excepting by a revolution. He also controverted the decision in the Dred Scott case, that black men are not citizens of the United States, supporting his arguments by citations from the laws of the various States. Replying to Mr. Hammond's remark about white slaves of the North, he said he was himself a laborer, and referred to Franklin, Roger Sherman, and other distinguished men who were laborers.

Mr. Bright, of Indiana, followed, referring to the policy of admitting new States. He said that each State in the Union has to bear the burden of its own support, and why should not the Territories do likewise when they have the ability? He examined the various objections advanced, replying to each, and concluding with expressing his own opinion that the speediest way to settle the difficulty, would be the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution, which, if the people do not like it, can be changed at any time. The agitation would thus be localized.

Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, had been an employee and an employer; whatever he possessed had been obtained by the labor of his hands and brains; he had had hundreds of men at work for him, many of whom were equal in intellect and morals to himself or the other Senators around him; the mechanics of Massachusetts live in better houses, and read more books than the slaveholders of the South, yet Mr. Hammond calls them slaves. The Senator also says that our slaves vote, that is true. That same class of men govern every free State, and will yet govern South Carolina.

On the 22nd, Mr. Stuart, of Michigan, spoke at length, in opposition to the Lecompton Constitution.

Mr. Bayard, of Delaware, spoke in favor of Lecompton.

Mr. Broderick, of California, arrayed himself against the Lecompton Constitution, he said, because he believed that all allegations of frauds against that instrument had been fully proved. These frauds are known to the President, and yet he keeps in office the men who committed them. He hoped the historian of these times would attribute this attempt to force this measure to the petulance, failing intellect and trembling dotage of an old man tottering on the verge of the grave.

Mr. Douglas then spoke, the chamber being densely crowded—going over the ground, and vindicating his course on the slavery question at great length. He said, it is said that the people of Kansas may change their constitution when they will, that they have no right to tie their own hands till 1864. He did not agree that the people cannot tie their own hands. If a constitution is a moral compact, not only have they a right, but it is wise that they should have some stability, and that the fundamental law should not be liable to every fluctuation of passion. He held it as a fair interpretation that, when one mode of changing it was prescribed, every other mode was precluded, and it could not be altered till 1864. And he held it a wise provision, and thought that the people were not fit for self-government, who could not bind themselves by a constitution for ten years. He did not object to it because it bound them till 1864. If it is the will of the people, and if it is not, you have no right to bind them by it for a single hour. What right has Congress to annul the provision prohibiting a change till 1864? If Congress can change one clause it may annul or alter another and another till the whole instrument be subverted. You have no right to annul it, to alter, or to construe it. He would protest against that special pleading that would seek, by technicalities, to fix a constitution on the people of a State. Reverse the case. Would Southern men, if a convention of free sellers should make a constitution, and allow you to vote for it, and not against it, and then attempt to force that abolition constitution on a slave-holding people against their will, would you Southern gentlemen have submitted to the outrage?

Mr. Hammond—If we as slaveholders had refrained from voting, we should have submitted until it was changed in due form of law.

Several Senators—That's so, exactly.

Mr. Douglas—The Senator assumes what is not in evidence.

Mr. Hammond—It is universally stated.

Mr. Toombs—That is not the true state of the matter.

Mr. Douglas retorted that it was all as he had stated. He regarded the principle involved as vital as fundamental, and its violation as a death blow to State rights and sovereignty.

Mr. Douglas then recapitulated the principles of the Democratic platform, on which he and his friends fought the Presidential campaign of 1852, and asserted his adherence thereto. Our government, he said, was not founded on the principle of uniformity, but in diversity. Our fathers saw that the institutions which would suit the granite hills of New Hampshire would not suit the rice fields of Georgia, and what would do for the hills and vales of Pennsylvania, would not be appropriate for Virginia. Hence they made a diversity of sovereign States, giving to each the management of its own institutions. There was no such quality in slavery as the higher law that overrides the constitution. When that higher law was first introduced, it caused an outcry, and he (Douglas) is read out of the party three times a week for denying it. Is the question to be asked every petty office-holder and great office holder, are you Douglas's enemy? If not off goes his head. In England, the people's representatives can hurl the administration from power in an hour. Yet, here, they who refuse to obey are rebels. Suppose the President was to say to the Senator from California, "vote against the Pacific Railroad bill." He is a "rebel" if he disobeys. Or to the Senator from Virginia, "vote for it," another rebel. Or, to the Senator from Georgia, "support the army bill." Or to the Senator from Mississippi, "support the neutrality laws." More traitors. Oh! but a dispensation is to be granted on all subjects but one. On the Lecompton constitution there is no dispensation. If it is intended to read out every man as a rebel in America who will not vote for the Lecompton Constitution, how many will your Democratic party number in Pennsylvania—how many in New York, in Ohio, in any northern State? Would it not be better to tell every man to vote his own judgment on his responsibility, responsible to his conscience and his God. He here referred to the recent course of the Senators from Virginia and Georgia who voted with the Republican party on the Army and Neutrality bills. He only thought it proved their manhood and irresponsibility of party.

Mr. Toombs rose and said, that the Senator had arraigned unjustly the section of the country he represented. He asked the Senator to name one section of the South in which such principles prevailed as the right of carrying slaves into the free States.

Mr. Douglas took no notice of the question: so Mr. Toombs proceeded. The Senator had taken the last hour of his speech to a defence of himself personally against the Union. He thought the dignity of the Senate demanded that should be settled elsewhere. He then went into a severe attack on Mr. Douglas's course in relation to the Missouri Compromise, and asked how many of his present confederates voted with him?

He then retorted on the Douglas party, that whereas they now said that no slavery constitution could be imposed upon the people against their will, they had no objection to cram a free constitution down people's throats.

The Hon. Senator, in the course of his remarks, characterized the gentlemen who now voted with Mr. Douglas as hypocrites, and so forth.

Mr. Stuart, of Michigan, briefly remonstrated against the impropriety of applying terms so ill-advised, to Senators who had only followed what they believed to be the line of duty. For personalities, when arguments failed, the Senator from Georgia had certainly won the laurels.

Mr. Toombs—The gentleman had better go home, go to bed and sleep over it and in the morning I will be glad to hear from him.

Mr. Stuart—I move that the Senate do now adjourn, and the Senate adjourned accordingly.

On the 23rd, Mr. Green, of Mo., spoke on the Kansas Bill. He denied the assertion of the Senator from Michigan (Mr. Stuart) that the friends of the Lecompton Constitution had been driven from their positions. The Senator from Illinois (Mr Douglas) implied the same thing. But it is not so. The committee report stands unchallenged. Its every individual charge is sustained by official evidence, and the only exception taken to the report is by the Senator from Vermont, who objected to the use of the harsh appellation of "rebels." He said the statement that nineteen counties were disfranchised in Kansas was meant to deceive. Those counties were a wilderness, without inhabitants. The Senator from Illinois (Mr. Douglas) says the only reason why the whole constitution was not submitted was because it would be voted down. Who said so? No one except the Senators from Illinois and Michigan. The great question is, "Does the constitution embody the will of the people?" that is, the legally expressed will. The rules of evidence are the same in equity and law; we cannot take flying rumors and the opinions of governors as evidence. That is fraught with a danger, which, if carried to its ultimatom, would bring bristling bayonets and cannon to be pointed at the walls of the capitol. Such would be the result if the opinions of a mob were to be substituted for the forms of law. All legal forms having been complied with in the formation of the Lecompton Constitution, it was a completed fact, and the people had no right to vote whether or not it was a constitution. What would Senators say if the constitution of their own State after being in actual operation, was to be submitted to the people to see whether it is a constitution or not? The Senator from Kentucky (Mr. Crittenden) says it could do no harm, and would only show abundant care, to submit it again and again. Yes, "Try again, try again!" Col. Fremont would have liked that principle, to "try again!" As to the cry of fraud, it reminded him—but he would not apply the maxim to Senators—that "a lie well stuck to, and often repeated, is as good as the truth." He admitted that the Senators from Illinois, Michigan, California and Kentucky were not influenced in their act by the existence or non-existence of slavery, but they were assisting to build up a party dangerous to the Union, and whose fundamental principle, just enunciated, is "No more slave States." Had it not been for them, Kansas many weeks since would have been a young sister in the federation of States. Mr. Green said he would not go over or aid the enemy, however he might be dissatisfied with the action of his friends. Among other things, he said, Black Republicanism was crushing out the true Democracy in its course, and would never meet its foeman till it met the cannon of the South. He concluded by expressing his ardent aspirations for the consolidation and permanency of the Democratic party. If Kansas is but the John Doe and Richard Roe, it is of no importance that Gen. Calhoun has given the certificates to the Free State party. The principle involved is one vital to the South and to the North in so far as it depends on the South, for the interests of both are so interwoven that they cannot be severed without injury to both. Mr. Green then referred to the statement of Mr. Douglas, that the constitution can only be changed before 1864, by the exercise of a revolutionary right. This is not so. New York and other States had done it, and the provision was inserted with a similar interpretation in the Kansas bill of rights. The people must have that right, to change the constitution in a legal way, otherwise they could not regulate their affairs, but would be bound by the preceding generation. In summing up, he said he would not appeal to the Americans to build up the Democratic party, but would ask them to help break down the only party dangerous to both.

Mr. Crittenden, of Ky., said he would not reopen the debate, but made the explanation that his statements were made on the official records, not on the conversations of the governors of Kansas. Thank God, he could distinguish right from wrong, and had the courage to say so. He followed convictions, not party. Kentucky's maxim, "be just and fear not," was also his. He believed his course best for the North and for the South. He professed himself an American, and it was his principle to protect the ballot-box as the only instrument by which the people can exercise their sovereignty.

Mr. Green, without further debate, moved to proceed to take the vote. He withdrew the Minnesota Bill altogether, and moved three amendments to the original bill.

Firstly. To strike out the preamble, and insert the following:

Whereas, The people of the Territory of Kansas did, by a convention of delegates, called and assembled at Lecompton, on the 4th day of September, 1857, form for themselves a constitution and State Government, which said convention having asked the admission of the Territory into the Union as a State, on equal footing with the original States, &c., &c.

This amendment was carried.

Secondly. To amend the second section by inserting the following clause in the ninth line:

"That nothing in this act shall be construed to abridge or infringe any right of the people asserted in the Kansas Constitution, at all times, to alter, reform, or abolish their form of government in such a manner as they may think proper, Congress hereby disclaiming any authority to interfere or declare the construction of the constitution of any State, except to see that it is republican in form, and not in conflict with the Constitution of the United States."

The amendment was agreed to—yeas 31, nays 23.

Thirdly. A verbal amendment to the eleventh line of the second section: To cancel the word "of" in the sentence, "in the ordinance of the said constitution," and substitute therefor the words "annexed to," making it read, "in the ordinance annexed to the said constitution." Carried.

Mr. Pugh withdrew his amendment of March 2nd to the amendment of Mr. Green, and substituted another, setting forth that the Federal laws, not inapplicable, be extended into the State of Kansas, that a judicial district be formed, and that a Judge, District-Attorney, and United States Marshal be appointed and paid, as in Iowa.

The amendment was agreed to—yeas 37, nays 19.

Mr. Crittenden moved a substitute for the bill—in substance that the constitution framed by the Lecompton Convention be submitted to the people of Kansas now; that, if it be approved, the President shall admit Kansas by proclamation; if it be rejected, the people of the Territory shall call a convention to frame a new substitute. The substitute makes a special provision against the occurrence of frauds.

Mr. Kennedy, of Md., as a conservative middleman, would support Mr Crittenden's substitute—reserving the right afterwards to vote for the original bill.

Mr. Houston, of Texas, would vote for the original bill in obedience to the resolutions passed by the Legislature of his State.

Mr. Pugh, of Ohio, reluctantly voted against the bill, for the same reason.

Mr. Crittenden's substitute was then put and lost—yeas 24, nays 34.

The bill, as amended, to admit Kansas into the Union with the Lecompton Constitution, was then put and passed—yeas 33, nays 25, as follows:

Yeas—Messrs. Allen, R. I., Bayard, Del., Benjamin, La., Briggs, N. C., Bigler, Pa., Bright, Ind., Brown, Miss., Clay, Ala., Evans, S. C., Fitch, Ind., Fitzpatrick, Ala., Green, Mo., Gwin, Cal., Hammond, S. C., Henderson, Texas, Houston, Texas, Hunter, Va., Iverson, Ga., Jones, Iowa, Johnson, Ark., Johnson, Tenn., Kennedy, Md., Mallory, Fla., Mason, Va., Pearce, Md., Polk, Mo., Sebastian, Ark., Slidell, La., Thompson, Ky., Thompson, N. J., Toombs, Ga., Wright, N. J., Yulee, Fla.—33.

Nays—Messrs. Bell, Tenn., Broderick, Cal., Chandler, Mich., Clark, N. H., Collamer, Vt., Crittenden, Ky., Dixon, Conn., Doolittle, Wis., Douglas, Ill., Durkee, Wis., Fessenden, Me., Foot, Vt., Foster, Conn., Hale, N. H., Hamlin, Me., Harlan, Iowa, King, N. Y., Pugh, Ohio, Seward, N. Y., Simmons, R. I., Stuart, Mich., Sumner, Mass., Trumbull, Ill., Wade, Ohio, Wilson, Mass.—25.

Absentees—Messrs. Bates, Del., Davis, Miss.

Mr. Davis, of Miss., paired off with Mr. Cameron, of Pa.

The announcement of the result was received with applause and hisses. Adjourned.

On the 24th, Mr. Seward quoted from the speech of the Duke of Argyle at the banquet to Dr. Livingstone, denying the opinion that the British Government is tending toward the establishment of slavery.

Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, presented a bill to facilitate communications with the army in Utah. The bill authorizes the Secretary of War to contract for the extension or use of the American electro-magnetic telegraph from the frontier of Missouri or Iowa, to such western military posts as is necessary for the public service, and, also, appropriating a sum not to exceed $500,000 to carry out the purposes of this act. The bill was read and ordered to be printed.

Mr. Doolittle, of Wisconsin, presented the petition of citizens of Michigan, for a general relief law.

Mr. Bigler, of Pennsylvania, presented the petition of Findlay Patterson, for payment for building the capitol at Lecompton, Kansas, and also for indemnity under the contract.

By Mr. Hunter, of Virginia, a resolution calling for the correspondence with the government of Chili, respecting the seizure of the barque Macedonian by Peruvians.

Mr. Iverson, of Georgia, from the Committee on Military Affairs, reported back, without amendment, the bill to organize a regiment of mounted volunteers to defend the Texan frontier; and also to authorize the President to call into the service of the United States, four additional regiments of volunteers.

On the suggestion of Mr. Bright, of Indiana, the Minnesota Bill was read a second time.

Mr. Pugh, of Ohio, offered an amendment similar to the one incorporated in the Kansas Bill, as follows: "That the federal laws, if not inapplicable, be extended into the State of Minnesota, a judicial district to be formed, and a Judge, attorney and marshal be appointed and paid, as in Iowa." Agreed to.

Mr. Bates, of Delaware, moved that section two be amended to read that Minnesota be allowed two representatives.

A discussion ensued as to the right of Minnesota to have two or three representatives; pending the settlement of which the Senate went into Executive Session, and subsequently adjourned.

On the 25th, the Senate passed a bill to establish additional land offices in California. A series of anti-slavery resolutions from the Maine Legislature being presented, Mr. Mason, of Virginia, denounced it as being disrespectful to Congress, the Judiciary and the President, and Mr. Fessenden defended the petition, endorsing it fully. Mr. Seward, of N. Y., presented a similar anti-slavery remonstrance, but couched in temperate language, from the Society of Friends assembled at New York. The bill to admit Minnesota into the Union as a State was then again taken up, the question being on Mr. Douglas's amendment to allow the State three representatives, instead of one as provided in the bill.

Mr. Wilson, of Mass., said we have only before us the legal evidence of one hundred and forty-nine thousand inhabitants, and therefore he could not see why the State should have three representatives. The State of Vermont, with three hundred thousand inhabitants, has but three representatives. He was in favor of one representative now and more as the new census, hereafter to be taken, shall show she is entitled to. He made a motion to that effect. This motion would admit her now, and she could make a new census, and send other additional members even before this Congress adjourns.

Mr. Mason, of Va., opposed fixing the number at three, inasmuch as the Constitutional proportion is one representative to 92,000, and as Minnesota has only an official record of 149,000, it is absolutely forbidden by the Federal Constitution to give her an undue political weight.

Finally, Mr. Toombs, of Ga., moved that Minnesota be permitted to have three representatives until the census is rectified, and thereafter such a number as the census may show her to be entitled to.

Without taking a vote, the Senate went into Executive Session.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 20th, on the Deficiency Bill, speeches upon the Kansas Question were made by a number of members, pro and con.

On the 22nd, Mr. Stephens of Georgia, offered a resolution to discharge Mr. Wolcott from the custody of the House, and turn him over to the officers of the law, for trial in the criminal court, on the indictment found against him. Finally adopted, 120 to 67.

Mr. Seward of Georgia, presented the majority report of the Special Committee in the Matteson case, arguing that the House has no jurisdiction in the case. Mr. Curtis of Iowa, submitted a minority report in the same case. On motion, the consideration of the reports was postponed till Saturday next.

The consideration of the Deficiency Bill was resumed in Committee of the Whole.

Mr. Garnett, of Virginia, made a speech in favor of the Lecompton Constitution, arguing that as long as the Constitution leaves slavery, must remain in that State. It can be altered only in the manner prescribed by that instrument. He believed in the language of that Constitution, that the right of property is higher than any constitutional sanction, and that slave property is as sacred as any other, and also has the divine sanction. The issue now before Congress and the nation is, shall another slave State be admitted? Do gentlemen think, he asked, that the South will calmly surrender her rights? She claims, as one of these rights, the privilege of carrying her institutions to the territories as freely as the North does hers.

Mr. Bishop, of Connecticut, explained the position of the Democrats of Connecticut on the question of slavery, concluding by saying that the South have a right to move into the territories with their property whenever and wherever they choose and that when a State is admitted into the Union, it may be with or without slavery. We take, he said, the Constitution as we find it, not as we wish it to be. The Democrats of Connecticut and of the North will stand by the South in all that is Constitutional and right. He replied to the objections to the Lecompton Constitution, and advocated the admission of Kansas under it.

After speeches from Messrs. Pottle, of New York, Morris, of Illinois, Abbott, of Maine, and Kellogg, of Illinois, against the Lecompton Constitution, adjourned.

On the 23rd, Messrs Singleton, of Mississippi, and Burnett, of Kentucky, and Wortendyke, of New York, supported, and Messrs. Howard, of Michigan, Blair, of Missouri, and Potter, of Wisconsin, opposed the Lecompton Constitution.

Mr. Burnett, of Kentucky, said the Republican party is responsible for all the trouble and revolutionary spirit in Kansas, by sending out armed emigrants to exclude from the territory Southern property. Those who advocated the Topeka Constitution, which was begotten in the hot-bed of treason, now undertake to upbraid the friends of the Lecompton Constitution, which comes here in pursuance with the law. Such hypocrisy has no parallel in the history of the world. The party which declares that there shall be no more Slave States, will ultimately attempt to carry out the principle in the Slave States themselves. The time is rapidly approaching for action.

Mr. Blair, of Missouri, said that, hateful as is the design to force on Kansas a Constitution which is abhorred by her people, by low and mean frauds—still more hateful is the design deliberately formed to extend, by conspiracy, the institution of slavery to the whole country, under the opinion of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case. The Government has contributed its power to drive white men out of Kansas, to make way for slaves. There was a time when the Democratic party took ground against the privileged classes. But now it arrayed itself against free labor, and in favor of those who seek to wrest the Territory from freemen and plant it with slaves. That party is as much the servile tool of the slave oligarchy as the negroes themselves.

On the 24th, Mr. Clark, of Missouri, replied to the speech of Mr. Blair, who, he said, ought first to set free his own slaves, before arguing the slaveholders of being an oligarchy to strike down free labor. Such a course must have a disastrous effect wherever slavery exists. He advocated the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution.

Mr. Blair, of Missouri, gave notice of his intention to reply to Mr. Clark's assault, and reminded him that there were other interests in Missouri besides that of slaveholding.

Mr. Granger, of New York, argued against the Lecompton Constitution and the extension of slavery. He doubted all the claims of Kansas for admission; he distrusted the sufficiency of the population, and was not satisfied that the proceedings attending the formation of the Constitution were regular. While he had no pride in her history, and no sympathy for the scenes of fraud and violence, he would yield his reluctant consent, provided the bill be so framed that no permanent mischief will result to Kansas or the country, until they can form, without wrong and violence, the institutions under which they and their children are to live.

Messrs. Kilgore, of Indiana, and Buffington, of Massachusetts, argued against, and Mr. Stewart, of Maryland, in favor of the Lecompton Constitution. Adjourned.

On the 25th, Mr. Stephens proposed to fix an early day for the consideration of the Senate Kansas Bill. Mr Campbell, of Ohio, suggested that the bill be taken up at once; but Mr. Washburne and others objected to fixing a time then, as the attendance in the House was thin. Mr. Stephens named April 6th as the time. Mr. Campbell suggested next Tuesday. Mr. Stephens thought that too soon. Mr. Campbell said that, as the House had agreed upon a final adjournment the first Monday in June, it would be impossible to get through the public business, unless the earliest possible day be fixed for the vote on the Kansas Bill. Mr. Stephens withdrew his suggestion for the present, in order to allow time for an amicable arrangement. Subsequently, however, he announced that on Thursday of next (this) week, he would move to take up the bill and ask the previous question on its passage, to cut off debate. This arrangement seemed to be satisfactory to both sides, as it was understood each party has a programme of action adapted to the case.

A number of speeches were then made, for and against the Lecompton Constitution.

[During the speaking in the House in the evening, nearly all the seats were deserted. When the adjournment took place, at 9 o'clock, only three members were present.]

On the 26th, Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, presented a resolution, which was adopted, instructing the Committee on Public Lands to inquire whether the main trunk of the Dubuque and Sioux City Railroad was completed, and whether it intersects with the branch, in conformity with the law granting lands in Iowa for railroad purposes, and that the committee report such action as may be deemed proper in the premises.

A number of private bills were reported from the various committees.

The House went into Committee on the deficiency appropriation bill.

Mr. Smith, of Virginia, in advocating the Lecompton Constitution, expressed his amazement that Gov. Wise should have written the anti-Lecompton Tammany Hall letter.

Mr. English, of Indiana.—Do you hold him to be out of the Democratic organization?

Mr. Smith.—I do not hesitate to say that I hold Governor Wise to be out of the party, with all others who refuse to co-operate with the great Democratic party.

Mr. English.—Did you support Governor Wise when he was elected to the gubernatorial chair? If not, were you not outside of the Democratic party?

Mr. Smith.—I did not support him, but I did not make myself active and prominent in thwarting the Democratic party.

Mr. Davis, of Indiana, said Mr. Smith had no right to read him or any other Democrat out of the party. Nine-tenths of the Democrats of the free States stood with him against the Lecompton Constitution. If the gentleman from Virginia attempts to read them out, he will find they will read him out.

Mr. Smith replied that Mr. Davis reminded him of the dissenting juror, who characterized his associates as an obstinate set of fellows.

Mr. Davis.—Did you not time and again, run as an independent canal date outside of the Democratic party?

Mr. Smith.—Never.

Mr. Davis.—That was my understanding.

Mr. Smith.—Like a great deal of your understanding, it is unsound. Did not the gentleman from Indiana know that the President is the head of the Democratic party, and he urged with all his power the admission under the Lecompton Constitution?

Mr. Davis.—Because the President has recommended this measure it does not, therefore, follow that every Democrat must vote for it. The President may advise, but must not command me.

Mr. Smith said the President is the representative of the Democracy, and approved of the Kansas bill. He intimated that Mr. Davis opposed the Lecompton Constitution at the prompting of the Republicans.

Mr. Davis replied that he intended to carry out the recommendations of the President up to November last, when the President thought proper to change his front.

Mr. Smith.—Exactly; that is the language of rebellion. (Laughter.)

Mr. Davis.—It is the language of a freeman. (Cries of "good.")

Mr. Smith.—A man is known by the company he keeps, and he who is not with us is against us. He then proceeded to argue in favor of the Lecompton Constitution. He said that Mr. Douglas got up the movement against the measure to secure his re-election to the Senate; and there was a concerted movement among the Democrats of Illinois for that purpose.

Mr. Marshall, of Illinois, pronounced the charge wholly unfounded.

Mr. Smith replied that the successor of Mr. Richardson told him and others, without reserve, that some of the Illinois delegation, after consultation, came to the conclusion that this was the only chance for the re-election of Mr. Douglas to the Senate.

Mr. Marshall did not believe that any such conference was held, and repeated that the statement was entirely unfounded.

Mr. Cox, of Ohio, said that it did not become Mr. Smith, who had turned tail on the Democratic party, and was elected to Congress by American votes, to make such extraordinary attacks upon Democratic members.

Much confusion ensued, amid which Mr. Clay, of Kentucky, moved that the committee rise.

The chairman said Mr. Cox could proceed only by unanimous consent. Mr. Clemens, of Virginia, objected.

Mr. Palmer, of New York, characterized the Lecompton movement as a swindle, and said that when the Republicans obtain possession of the government in 1861, they will invest it with some of the purity and justice with which it was clothed at its birth. While they will not interfere with slavery in the States where it now exists, they will take care to prevent its extension.

Mr. Morris, of Pennsylvania, said the one man power has grown to such dimensions as to threaten the liberties of the country. But demoralizing as is the distribution of patronage by the Government, it cannot control public opinion, and stide the expression of its voice: and the people will administer a rebuke to the insolence of Executive usurpation, and to those who sustain it. Adjourned.

THE LABOR QUESTION IN JAMAICA.—The Kingston (Jamaica) Journal, a paper edited by a colored man, says the industrial resources of the island are going to absolute wreck and ruin for want of laborers. The Governor is carrying into effect the provisions of the law of the last session, which appropriated $150,000 for increasing the laboring population of the colony:

"The places mentioned in the act where agencies will be established, are Madeira, the Azores, the Canaries, the Cape Verde Islands, Europe, the United States, and the British Provinces of North America. It wisely provides for the introduction of a proportionate number of immigrants of both sexes, and enjoins that 'in making any assignment of immigrants, it shall not be lawful for the immigration agent to separate husbands from wives, nor children under the age of 15 years from their parents or natural protectors.'"

The Journal complains that the total increase provided for will not exceed 10,000—a number by no means equal to the demand for labor. Ten times this number, it thinks, would not be too many.

There is, however, population enough on the island to cultivate every square rod of it, if they would labor; but there are two things which, in hot climates, render men indolent, unless the stimulus of necessity compels them to work; the first is the lassitude which the climate produces, and which is unfavorable to industry and labor—and second, the small amount of labor which will furnish sustenance to men in a country where the fruits of the earth grow almost spontaneously, and but little clothing or shelter is needed.

A MOST SINGULAR ENCOUNTER.—On the 23rd ultimo, a passenger came to Portland by steamer Anglo Saxon, and took lodgings at one of the city hotels. Next morning he took the cars for Boston in company with a gentleman who had remained at the same house with him overnight with whose countenance he, somehow or other, imagined himself familiar. They got into conversation in coming down the Eastern railroad, but nothing transpired to elicit the fact whether or no they had been old acquaintances. When they had arrived at the depot, and had attended to their luggage, one of the gentlemen inquired, in the hearing of the other, for a cab to take him to a certain street in Charlestown. The other said he purposed going to the same street, and the two engaged the same conveyance. On arriving at the street in question, it appeared that they designed to call on the same individual. This strange series of coincidences greatly puzzled both; but their mutual surprise and delight can be imagined but in a degree, when they found that they were brothers, and that they had thus singularly met at the house of a third brother. One of them has been in the service of the Pacha of Egypt for twenty-two years: the other has spent sixteen years in the East Indies; while the third has been in this country during nineteen years past. The brothers are natives of Scotland, and had not seen each other for twenty-four years.—*Boston Ledger.*

RATHER "STRONG" LANGUAGE.—The Clarksburg (Va.) Register furnishes the following, as a specimen of strong language from the pulpit. The Rev. Samuel Clawson, a minister of the M. E. Church, who has a very vivid imagination, in speaking of one present during one of his discourses, who was a Universalist, gave an expression to the following bit of eloquence:

"Thank God, the day is not far distant when you will be chained down to Hell's brazen floor, and the Devil, with his three pronged harpoon, will pierce your reeking heart, and pile the red hot cinders of black damnation upon you as high as the pyramid of Egypt, *and fry out the pride of your fat to grease the gudgeons of hell!*"

This gentleman, some years ago, was preaching in New Castle, and we are informed by one who heard him, that on one occasion he used the following expression when speaking of a hypocrite:

"You mean, contemptible counterfeiter: you expect to cheat the Almighty, do you? If you were to offer me a half eagle I would first try it with aqua fortes, for I know your niggardly heart would not offer me a good one. God will apply the aqua fortes of Heaven to your soul, and it will change to the color of a stack of black cats. He will throw it into hell for the little imps there to play ball with."

THE LARGEST DIAMOND IN THE WORLD—*The Kohinoor.*—The Cincinnati *Times* of Saturday says: We were waited upon yesterday by Mr. G. P. Matthews, of Virginia, who exhibited to our astonished vision what he claims to be a diamond of the first water. It is about an inch and a half in diameter, and nearly an inch in thickness. It is surpassingly brilliant, particularly when viewed by gas-light. Its estimated value is two millions of dollars. Mr. Matthews says he has been offered for it twenty-four thousand pounds. It was found by the father of its present possessor in the gold mines in Buckingham county, Va., about seventy years since.

It was remained in the rough state ever since, until a few weeks ago, when Mr. M., being satisfied by every test that it was in reality a diamond, took it to New York and had it dressed. This precious gem weighs 144 carats. The Kohinoor, if we remember, weighs about 100 carats. There have been several diamonds found in the gold regions of Virginia. Last year, one found in said locality was sold at Richmond for $4,500. Mr. M. is convinced that he is the proprietor of the largest diamond in the world, and we see no good reason to doubt it.

END OF THE FLORIDA WAR.—The Tampa, Florida Peninsular of the 6th ult., says that Major Rector has had a "talk" with Billy and other chiefs, and he expresses entire confidence in his ability to induce the Indians to emigrate.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE AFRICAN IMPORTATION SCHEME.—The bill authorizing the importation into Louisiana of 2,500 Africans, after passing the House of Delegates with little or no opposition, was indefinitely postponed in the Senate at the close of a most violent and exciting debate, by a majority of two. The mover for postponement avowed it as his fixed conviction that the proposed bill was one destined to be greatly beneficial to the South, and his motion to postpone was only from regard to friends opposed to the measure who had appealed to him to defer action until the next session, so that the matter might be thoroughly discussed by the people and the press.

A PARTY of young men were out hunting a few nights since, near Brookville, Ky., and seated around a fire, when one of the party, in attempting to knock off the hat of a young man named Ellis, struck him on the back of the neck with the edge of his hand. Ellis took to his bed the next day, and, after much suffering, died one day last week. His physicians declared the spinal marrow to have been injured by the blow.

BEFORE the Mormons abandoned Jackson county, Mo., a chosen number secretly laid the foundation of the future temple, and then carefully covering all traces of their work with dirt, planted it over. The location of this spot is held as a church secret. The idea of shortly returning to build this temple is continually fostered by the leading saints in Utah, according to a letter from California.

THE second regiment of the Pennsylvania volunteers have, by a unanimous vote, tendered their services to the President for the Utah expedition.

IT is reported that the President has a message relative to Spain and Cuba, ready to be sent in on the passage of the Lecompton Bill.

THE regular troops in Kansas and on the Western frontier will start for Utah between the 20th of April and 10th of May, mustering in all about 2,000 effective men. Five regiments of volunteers, proposed by the bill now before the Senate, will be accepted and organized whenever the bill is passed. No force less than a complete regiment will be received from any State, but offers are already made, directly or contingently, which cover the whole force authorized. They will be taken according to the date of application. One regiment is specially appropriated for Texas.

THE Kansas debate is nearly run out in the House, no one desiring to speak on the subject at 5 o'clock on the 26th.

THE New Orleans Delta reiterates the statement that African slaves have been lately imported into Mississippi. It adds further, that the authorities at Washington have dispatched a steamer to the coast of Mississippi with orders to institute inquiries, and to stop the landing of any more cargoes. As to those already landed, the Delta thinks there can be little doubt in obtaining "visible testimony" as to the truth of its statements.

RAILROAD REPORTS.—The *Pittsburg Gazette* thus "walks into" a recent railroad report:—

"After looking all these tables over, it struck us that there was one very important omission there were no tables showing the characteristics of the passengers over the road—their height, weight, color of their eyes and hair, and how they were dressed. This, with a little increase of clerical force, can be attended to next year.

"We could not avoid calling to mind, in reading this portion of the report, the Captain Avoirdupois whom Marryatt introduces us to in Peter Simple. That distinguished and extremely correct statistician, when he went on board his ship, had everything weighed; he weighed the ballast and classified it; he weighed the ship's stores, he weighed the cabin furniture, he weighed the stove, he weighed the cook, he weighed the midshipman, he weighed the ropes and the anchors, he weighed, in fact, everything moveable about the ship, and lastly he weighed himself. Of all these weights he caused correct tables to be made, and doubtless the Admiralty were very much edified at the results obtained.

"The spirit of the gallant and correct Avoirdupois has evidently fallen upon the officials of this road. Long may they live to follow his illustrious example. They are plainly destined to figure most extensively upon the page of railroad history."

HOW TO KEEP THE FLOOR.—*From the Washington Globe.*—During the protracted session of the Senate, Senator Clark having the floor, had a hard time of it. Having spoken from 4½ to 6 o'clock, he said: "If it be the pleasure of the "Senate to adjourn now, it would be very agreeable to me. I have had nothing to eat since 8 o'clock neither bread nor anything else." But the Senate wouldn't adjourn, and he proceeded until 8½ o'clock, when, during an explanation by Mr. Green, having spoken over three hours and a-half, he availed himself of the opportunity to indulge in that beverage which "cheers but not inebriates," with accompanying muffins and sandwiches, which gave his desk the social aspect of a cosy tea-table. The Hon. Senator retained his right to the floor, with a cup of hot tea in one hand and a huge sandwich in the other. The scene was novel; but a twelve hours' fast had created an inexorable stomach. By the call of the yeas and nays he was afforded ample time to finish his repast.

CAPT. MARCY AND LIEUT. BEALE—PACIFIC RAILROAD ROUTE.—St. Louis, March 24.—The Santa Fe mail arrived at Independence on the 25th. Captain Marcy was to leave Fort Union on the 23rd inst. for Utah, with a train of one thousand mules and supplies.

Lieut. Beale came passenger from Santa Fe. He left Los Angeles January 10th, with twenty-two men and mules, having sent the camels back from the Colorado river. He adhered strictly to the thirty-fifth parallel, and pronounces it the best natural route in the world for a railroad, and it shortens Whipple's route by five hundred miles. He used no tents on the route from Los Angeles, and yet slept comfortably every night without protection from the weather, there being, on no occasion, more than three inches of snow.

While on the route he found many relics of ancient civilization, and met with a tribe of Indians hitherto unknown to the whites. He believes that the route could be travelled with five men as well as with twenty.

COLONIZATION.—A curious libel suit is pending in the Circuit Court of Kings county, N. Y. It is brought by a colored man, named Lewis H. Putnam, against Anson G. Phelps. In the year 1849, the Colonization Society approved a plan, submitted by Putnam, to colonize Liberia, by giving away farms to all colored persons who wished to emigrate, and he proceeded to get subscriptions in aid of it. In the year 1853 the society, suspecting that Putnam was using the collections for his own benefit, instituted investigations and finally published him as a swindler, against whom the public was warned. He had raised $2,500 up to that time, and finding his collections cut short, he sues for $10,000 damages.

GAS WITHOUT PRICE.—One of the most interesting and remarkable of the natural phenomena of this State is the supply of useful gas which may be obtained from certain strata of slate. Fredonia has long been conspicuous for its use of this cheap supply, and many of the chief business houses in that village have been illuminated by it. A charter was granted last winter for the double purpose of providing an abundant supply of water and gas through the village, and the company formed for the purpose, has already sunk two wells of 130 and 40 feet in depth respectively, either of which, it is believed, will be sufficient to supply the whole village of Fredonia with gas.—*Buffalo Advertiser.*

TWO WEEKS LATER FROM CALIFORNIA—$1,400,000 IN GOLD.—The mail steamship Moses Taylor arrived at New York on the 26th, from Aspinwall. The dates from California are to the 5th ult. Her passengers have been only 21 days and 14 hours on the route, this being the quickest trip on record.

The Legislature has passed an act taking the state prison from the hands of the present lessee, and placing it in charge of agents to be appointed by the Governor. The Governor was refused possession, when he broke open the doors and forcibly took possession.

A memorial to Congress has been prepared, asking for the abrogation of the mail contract and the formation of two companies to transport the mail alternately, so as to make a weekly mail.

The Legislature has confirmed the Van Ness ordinance, providing that all the title that the city of San Francisco has in the lands within its borders be given to the parties in possession, except what is required for the streets, public squares, schoolhouses, &c.

The Indians in the Sebastian Reservation had revolted and refused to work or obey orders. They had been frightened into a submission by the soldiers, the leaders being punished by the infliction of from twenty to one hundred lashes.

By an avalanche in Plumas county, two persons had been killed and a number wounded.

The steamer Golden Age had arrived at San Francisco, her passengers having made the trip in twenty-one days.

The California Senate was discussing bills pending for the compulsory observation of the Sabbath, and the incorporation of mining and ditch companies.

Mr Balois, the late State Treasurer, has been acquitted of embezzlement.

A horrible tragedy has occurred in Grass Valley. Michael Brennan, the President of the Mount Hope Mining Company, had murdered his wife and three children, and then committed suicide.

It appears that Mr. Brennan was engaged in quartz mining at Grass Valley, and had been unfortunate, lost heavily, and was owing workmen and storekeepers, and felt that he could not get out of his embarrassment. It is supposed that he did not tell his wife that he had lost heavily, and was deeply involved, more than ten minutes before her death. He handed her a glass of claret with the deadly poison in it, which she drank, thinking it was only wine, and that it would revive her. *A loaded pistol was on the table, for use in case she had not drank the wine.* After drinking, she clenched her hands and struggled some, when he put the pillow over her face and smothered her; then saturated a piece of sugar with the poison and fed it to the child. When the cook returned, he took the eldest child, a girl, and administered the sugar to her. He then called the boy, Bobby, into the room, but he ran out crying, "Oh! mamma!" but the father followed him, calling him his little man, took him up in his arms, carried him back, gave him some sugar and smothered him. After killing the entire family, the father secured all the doors, and sat down and wrote a letter to the secretary of the company telling him to be sure the children were all dead.

Aubry, the fugitive slave, has been confined Stockton jail by order of the owner, under decision of the Supreme Court.

An organized band of burglars has been discovered in San Francisco, and some have been arrested.

The ship Flying Fish has sailed for China, with many Chinese passengers, who carry their dead relatives with them, and $285,000 in treasure.

A meeting of the French citizens of San Francisco had adopted resolutions expressing their horror at the attempted assassination of Napoleon, and congratulations at his escape.

A great snow storm had occurred in California, lasting four days.

The Puget Sound country has made great progress in population, wealth and industrial resources in the last two years. There are on its banks 16 saw mills capable of turning out 100,000,000 feet of sawn lumber annually. Its straight and tall timber is valuable for spars, and cargoes of them are sent to New York, England, and Australia. The farmers on the Sound have sent 6,000 barrels of flour of last year's crop, to San Francisco, and this year they will send far more. There are several flourishing towns in the Territory, of which the principal are Olympia and Steilacoom.

The negro, named A. Bracy, living a mile back of Auburn, who struck Murphy, a brick mason, in the back of the head with a pick, and who gave himself up to the officers, has been summarily dealt with by a mob. A crowd of over one hundred men assembled in front of the jail, when the Sheriff, suspecting their intent, rung the court house bell, which soon increased the number. The Sheriff's deputies were seized and held by half a dozen persons each; and the Sheriff, on his appearing, was taken and held likewise. Fifty persons had promised to appear at the tap of the bell, should violence be attempted, but none came, and if they had come, they would have been unable to assist. The Sheriff called on all good citizens to aid him in the preservation of the laws, but his appeal was not responded to. In eight minutes afterwards a dozen sledge hammers had broken the fastenings of the outer door and locks, and the lock of the inner door of the jail; and the negro was taken to a place a mile off, and hung to the limb of a pine tree, about ten feet from the ground. The negro was suspended with the knot in front, and had hung a minute, when he exclaimed; "Lord God, gentlemen, I can't die this way!" He was then lowered, the knot was placed under his ear, and he was soon strangled.

The opposition line of steamers for New York, via Panama, commenced running on the 5th inst., and was begun with the Orizaba, Capt. Blethen. Rates of fare have been reduced to $200 in the first cabin, $150 in the second, and $50 in the steerage.

The command under Major Blake, which was an escort to the Colorado for Mr. Beale, have returned to Fort Tejon, and were not a little disgusted with the road to the Colorado, on account of deep sand in some places, rocks in others, no wood and water in others, and grass nowhere. The troops beat Mr. Beale twenty hours to the Colorado. They met with Capt. Johnson, of the Colorado river, who had been up above Beale's crossing, in the old "Gen. Jessup," for about sixty miles. He was just about to put on steam and return to Fort Yuma, when the command was seen crossing a hill. He had on board an officer and a small detachment from Fort Yuma. He intends going to San Francisco to get a contract for delivering freight at the head of navigation on the Colorado, in twenty-four days from San Francisco.

Capt. Johnson speaks well of his trip up the Colorado, and is confident that with a good sternwheel steamer he could deliver freight at the mouth of the Rio Virgen. Ives's party is still at Fort Yuma. The camels have been brought back to Fort Tejon.

We learn that Gov. Gandara is carrying all before him in Sonora, and that some Americans are joining his party.

David Butler, whose true name is said to be Madd C. Bolin, was executed by hanging at Nevada, on Friday, the 26th February under judicial sentence for the murder of a Mr. Moffatt, at Downieville.

FROM OREGON.—The dates from Portland, Oregon, are to the 20th of February.

The late severe frosts have frozen up the Columbia river, so that the steamboats cannot make their trips.

The Argus publishes the call for a Republican Convention, to assemble at Salem, on the 2d day of April, for the purpose of nominating officers, in prospect of a State Government in Oregon.

The mails in Oregon continue to be an intolerable nuisance. The postal agent says he has no authority to compel postmasters or contractors to comply with the law.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY.—By way of Portland, we have dates from February 12th.

The Le-chi (Indian Chief) excitement still rages at Olympia.

The farmers were sowing wheat and oats. The weather had been agreeable for a week before. J. M. Bachelder, U. S. Commissioner of Washington Territory, had been removed by Justice Chenoweth. Seventy-five gentlemen and fifty ladies petitioned for his removal. Cause charged—official corruption. [Probably in issuing the warrant for the arrest of the Sheriff on the day set for the execution of Le-chi.] News had been received from Colville mines. The gold product is not spoken of. The miners had proceeded to organize for mutual protection against improper characters among them.

NICARAGUA.—Gen. Lamar was favorably received by the Government of Nicaragua, February 22d.

The Yrissari treaty was still before the Legislature. It is believed that it will not be ratified, unless with alterations, which will re-open the whole negotiations at Washington.

PANAMA.—We have dates to the 9th ult., and extract the following from the President's message:

"The offensive threats directed against the Government of the Republic, by the Commissioners of the last administration of the United States, in their correspondence of February last, which the interested press of that country urged to be carried into force, were not ratified, nor are they intended to be carried into effect by the present administration, with which we have maintained decorous and friendly relations, which have led to the celebration of a Convention, with the object of terminating the disagreeable questions arising from the deplorable events in Panama on the 15th of April, 1856. This Convention contains clauses which go beyond the limits fixed by the law of the 18th of June, 1858, in the authority given to the Executive power to terminate the said question, and consequently will be presently submitted to your consideration."

PERU.—Gen. Vivanco has captured Arica. The frigate Apurimac having first shelled the town, a force of 350 men were landed, and the town was taken possession of. The loss on both sides was 200 killed, and as many wounded. Half of the town is in ruins. General Vivanco has withdrawn his troops from Iquique. The attempted revolution in Lima has been suppressed.

COMMERCIAL.—The San Francisco markets were languid, but not depressed. Some articles had improved.

Provisions were fairly sustained. Hams were higher, and the supply was entirely out of the hands of importers.

Sugars were better but quiet, owing to the small stock. Eastern crushed, 21. The feeling in Coffee is improved. Domestic Liquors were tending downward.

☞ Genius without taste will often commit enormous errors; and, what is worse, it will not be sensible of them.

☞ Death is not so terrible in itself as the *concomitants* of it, a loathsome disease, pain, horror, &c.—*Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.*

☞ HOW TO MAKE MONEY.—Get a situation in the mint.—*Economist.*

☞ Some men's behaviour is like a verse wherein every syllable is measured; how can a man comprehend great matters, who breaketh his mind too much to minute observations.—*Lord Bacon.*

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The Flour market continues dull under the advices from abroad, and prices, if anything, favor buyers. The only sales reported are 1000 barrels Southern and Pennsylvania at $4}; 1000 bbls Western extra on terms not made public, and small lots for home consumption of Mixed and good brands at $4,25@4,37½ ₱ bbl, select brands and extra at $4,50@4,75, extra family and fancy brands at $5@5,75. Rye Flour is steady at $3,25 ₱ bbl. Some small sales have been made at this figure. Corn Meal is held firmly at $2,87½@3 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—The demand for Wheat continues limited, and prices are barely maintained. Sales of 1000 bush good and prime Penna and Kentucky Red at $1,05@1,10 ₱ bush, 500 bush do. on private terms, and a few hundred bush fair and choice White at $1,27@1,30 ₱ bush, in store. 500 bush Penna Rye sold at 76c ₱ bush, and it is taken at that price on arrival. 1000 bush prime Ohio Barley sold at 65c, cash. Corn continues in active demand with further sales, and an advance of 1c ₱ bush. Sales of 6000 bush Yellow, part at 64c afloat, and part in store at 62@63c. There is little coming forward, and at the close there was none of the stock remaining unsold. Oats continue in fair demand at 35c ₱ bush, with small sales.

PROVISIONS—There is a fair inquiry, and further sales of Mess Pork at $16,75@17 ₱ bbl. Hams in salt and pickle at 9½@10c. Sides at 8½@9c, and Shoulders at 7c ₱ lb.

COTTON—The stock has been increased by the late arrivals, and the market has ruled inactive and in favor of buyers, who take hold only to supply their immediate wants at the rates now current. The week's sales reach some 700 bales, in lots, most of Uplands, within the range of 12½@13c. cash, the market closing rather quiet under the unfavorable tenor of the late foreign news.

COAL—The market since our last report has been in a very unsettled and unsatisfactory condition. There is very little demand, either for shipment or home consumption, and but little improvement can be anticipated for some time to come.

BARK—There is very little Quercitron arriving, and the stock is light and generally held above the views of buyers, the last sales of 1st No 1 were at $35, at which rate it is scarce and wanted.

FEATHERS—Are dull. Small sales of good Western at 40@42c ₱ lb, on time.

FRUIT—In Domestic Fruit there has not been much done. Further sales of Dried Apples at 6½c, according to quality. Dried Peaches range from 9 to 12c for unpared halves, and 15@18c for pared. Green Apples range from $2 to $4.50 ₱ bbl.

HEMP—In American there has been nothing doing, and there is very little stock in first hands to operate with. A small sale of Jute at $90 ₱ ton, cash.

HIDES—Are held very firmly, and there is more inquiry from the tanners. An import of about 4000 Laguayra has arrived, but has not yet been disposed of.

HOPS—Sell slowly at 7@11c for Eastern and Western.

IRON—Sales of 1000 tons Anthracite at $21@22 ₱ ton, cash, for No 1; $20 for No 2; and $19 for No 3. 700 tons No 1 sold at $24, 6 mos. Scotch Pig is entirely nominal in price. Blooms are steady at $62@65 for Charcoal, and $42@43 for Northern. Prices of Bar and Boiler Iron continue as last quoted.

LEAD—The market is quiet but firm. An arrival of Virginia is held at 6c ₱ lb, which is an advance on previous sales.

LEATHER—The demand continues limited for both Spanish Sole and Slaughter, but prices remain without change.

SEEDS—Sales of 950 bushels Cloverseed at $4,25@4,62½ ₱ 64 lbs, closing at $4@4,25. Timothy ranges from $3,37½@2,50 ₱ bushel. The market is nearly bare of American Flaxseed, and it is wanted.

TALLOW—There is but little offering. Sales of Country at 10½c, and City at 11@11½c ₱ lb cash.

TOBACCO—There is rather more inquiry for manufactured for the supply of trade. Leaf attracts but little attention.

WOOL—The market continues extremely quiet, and in some instances a concession in prices has been acceded to. Manufacturers purchase very cautiously, and only to supply their immediate wants. Sales of 192,000 lbs at 37½@45c for extra Ohio and Pine, and 28@30c for Merino pulled.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

March 27.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour is dull; sales of 4500 bbls; Ohio has declined 5c; quoting at $4,75@5; Southern brands continue steady. Wheat dull; sales of 2500 bush at $1,15@1,20 for Western Red. Corn heavy; sales of 15,000 bush at 66@68c for Yellow; White is held at 70c. Mess Pork has declined 5c, quoting at $16,80@16,85. Lard firm at 10@10½c.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
BURNHAM, FEDERHEN & CO., Boston, Mass.
SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Conn.
HUNT & MINER, Pittsburg.
S. W. PEASE & CO., 28 West Sixth St., Cincinnati, O.
McNALLY & CO., 75 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
HAGAN & BROTHER, Nashville, Tenn.
ELI ADAMS, Davenport, Iowa.
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THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER No. 333 Walnut Street.

The following were the *closing* quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct		
" " '62	—	—
" " '67	114	—
" " '68	114	—
" 5 " '65	102	—
Penna 6 pr ct	93	93½
" " new	99½	99¾
" 5 "	90	—
Cam City 6 pr ct	99½	99
Pitts 6 pr ct	50	—
" " coupon	—	—
All'gy City 6 pr ct	—	—
" County "	—	—
All'gy co R R 6's	86	90
Penn "		
" 5 "	87	87½
" " coupon	90	91
Tenn 6 pr ct	95½	96½
Kentucky 6 pr ct	102	102½
Missouri 6's	62	62½
Penn R R 6 pr ct	91½	92
2d mortgage '63	88½	89
C & Am R R 6 pr ct	75	76
P G & N R R "	90	—
Reading R R "	77	78
" " m'rt "	88	—
" " 6 pr ct '88	68	69
Lehigh Val 6's	77	78
Ches Val R R "	80	86
Ches R R "	80	—
Phil Wil & Bal		
" R R 6 pr ct	94½	95½
Long I R R "	71	72
Sch Nav '82 "	60	80½
Lehigh Nav "	93	93½
" Mort "	95	97
C & D Cl "	75	76
Sus & Tid '78 "	50	50½
Union Canal	39½	40
Will'ms & Elmira		
1st m'rt 7 pr ct	65	67
2d " 7 pr ct	59	59½
Catawissa "	42	42
North Pa 6 pr ct	54	54½
RAILROAD STOCK.		
Cam & Amboy	96	97
Penna	43¾	44
Ben Meadow	52	52½
North Penna	9½	10
Phil Ger & Nor	51½	52
Reading	25¾	25½
Mine Hill	50	60
Har & Lan	57½	58
Ches Val	3½	5
Tioga	—	—
" preferred	—	—
P W & Balt	27	—
Long Island	11¾	12
Williamsport & Elm	13½	13½
Catawissa	—	7½
CANAL STOCKS.		
Sch Nav	8½	8½
" preferred	17½	17½
Lehigh Nav	52	54
Morris Consol'd	47	49
" preferred	95	95¾
C & Del	57	60
Union	5	5½
Sus & Tidewater	7	9
BANK STOCKS.		
North Amer	120	132½
Phila	112	112½
Far & Mec	58½	60
Commercial	48½	49½
N Liberty	25	58½
Mechanics	26	26½
Southwark	63	—
P Township	25	25½
Kensington	57	—
Girard	10½	11
Western	58	61
Man & Mech	25½	26½
Commerce	63	—
Tradesman's	—	—
City	44	45
Consolidation	22	24
Commonwealth	19½	22
Corn Exchange	—	—
Pittsburg	51	55
M & M Pitts	53	—
Ex'ge Pitts	51	—
Kentucky	111	112
Northern Ky	113	114
Louisville, Ky	110	115
Farmers, Ky	111	115
Union, Nash, Tenn	94	96
Plant's, Tenn	94	96
Com & R Vick	—	—
N O Gas Lt	110	—

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

MEATS.

Beef.		*Mutton.*	
Roasting rib, ₱ lb	12 a14	Leg, Loin, Chp ₱ lb	9 a10
Sirloin steak	14 a16	Breast and Neck	6 a 8
Rump do	10 a12	Young Lamb, whole	8@10
Chuck pieces	8 a11	Whole carcase	8 a 9
Plates and navels		*Veal.*	
Corned	8 a10	Fore quarter ₱ lb	8
Tongue, fresh	65 a75	Hind do	10
Leg, each	31@37½	Chop	12½
Shin	25 a40	Cutlet	12½
Kidney	8 a12½	Sweetbread each	10
Liver ₱ lb	5 a 8	*Pork.*	
Dried Beef ₱ lb	14 a16	Young Pigs	$1 75 a2 00
Lamb.		Salt and fresh lb	10 a 12
Fore quarter	75 a87½	Feet ₱ set	10a 25
Hind do	1 00 a1 12½	Tripe ₱ lb	4 a 8
Chop ₱ lb	10 a12	Lard do	10 a 13
Calves Head each	20 a25	Ham, sliced	15 a 16
		Bologna sausages	16 a 20

VEGETABLES.

Turnips bus	62	S't Pot'o ₱ bus	$1 50a1 75
Beets 1 bunch	4 a 6	do do ₱ lb	6a 8
Cabbage bbl	1 75	Com Pot'o bus	1 50a1 75
do h'd	3 a 10	Onions bus	80
Carrots doz	10		

FRUIT.

Apples ₱ bkt	12½a 37½	Cranberries qt	12 a 16
do bf pk	12½a 25		

POULTRY AND GAME.

Turkeys ₱ lb	12 a 14	Chickens ₱ lb	10 a 12½
Spring Chickens ₱ pair	— a 75	Pheasants	$2 00 a2 50
Chickens ₱ pair	75 a1 00	Egh Pig'ns pair	25 a 50
		Peeps doz	25 a 50

SHELLFISH.

Ter'pin (South) doz	$6 00 a8 00	Oysters, Absecom ₱ bkt	50 a 75
do (Ches & Del)	6 00 a8 00	do ₱ M	$16 00 a20 00
Lobsters lb	8 a 10	M Rit Cove M	12 00 a25 00
Clams ₱	2 00 a2 50	N Y do ₱ bbl	12 00 a20 00

MISCELLANEOUS.

Butter lb	20 a 25	Mackerel	10
Roll do	20 a 24	Dry Cod	4 a 6
Eggs doz	13 a 20	Sm'k'd Herring bunch	5
Cod	5 a 6	Honey lb	20 a 25
Fresh Shad	35 a 40	Sweetcake cake	2 a
Salt Shad lb	11		

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, By WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, March 27, 1858.

PENNSYLVANIA.
Solvent banks ¼ dis
Relief Notes ¼ dis
NEW JERSEY.
Solvent bks par to ¼ dis
DELAWARE.
Solvent bks par to ¼ dis
MARYLAND.
Baltimore ¼ dis
Solvent banks ½ to ¾ dis
NEW YORK.
Solvent bks par to ¼ dis
MAINE.
Solvent banks ¼ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.
Solvent banks ½ dis
VERMONT.
Solvent banks ¼ dis
CONNECTICUT.
Solvent banks ¼ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.
Solvent banks ½ dis
RHODE ISLAND.
Solvent banks ¼ dis
VIRGINIA.
Solvent banks 2 dis
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.
Solvent banks ¼ dis
NORTH CAROLINA.
Solvent banks 3½ dis
CANADA.
Solvent banks 1 dis
GEORGIA.
Solvent banks 1½ dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.
Solvent banks 1½ dis
ALABAMA.
Solvent banks 2 to 5 dis
MISSISSIPPI.
All banks uncertain
LOUISIANA.
Solvent banks 2½ dis
OHIO.
Solvent banks 1½ dis
KENTUCKY.
Solvent banks 1½ dis
INDIANA.
State bank 1½ dis
ILLINOIS.
Solvent banks 2 dis
MISSOURI.
Solvent banks 1½ dis
TENNESSEE.
Old banks 4 dis
MICHIGAN.
Solvent banks 2 dis
WISCONSIN.
Solvent banks 2 dis
TEXAS.
Commercial and Agricultural Bank, Galveston 20 dis

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 25th ultimo, by Friends' Ceremony, J. WILSON EASTBURN, to EMILY ROBERTS, both of the city of Philadelphia.

On the 4th ultimo, by the Rev. J. C. Thompson, Mr. ROBERT ALLEN, to Miss ANNIE ANSLEY.

On the 9th ultimo, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. SAMUEL MURPHY, to Miss JENNY JORDAN, both of this city.

On the 18th ultimo, by the Rev. C. J. Thompson, Mr. EDWARD BOYER, of Port Clinton, to Miss SALLIE STAHLE, of Philadelphia.

On the 22d ultimo, by the Rev J. A. McKean, Mr. WILLIAM P. WHITEHEAD, to Miss ANNIE M. daughter of Wm. P. Sickels, Esq. both of this city.

On the 16th ultimo, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. JOHN HUNSON, to Miss MARY A. LEE, both of this city.

On the 11th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Bunker, Mr. JACOB HAGY, to SALLIE A. OTT, both of Lower Merion.

On the 16th ultimo, by the Rev. J. W. Smith, Mr. THOMAS J. ARMITAGE, to Miss EMILY S. REDSTREAKE, both of this city.

On the 18th ultimo, by the Rev. W. W. McMichael, JOHN HOFFMAN, to MARY BRYAN, both of Philadelphia.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 21st ultimo, ANN S. wife of Henry H. Miller, aged 75 years.

On the 22d ultimo, GODFREY FLEGEL, aged 56.

On the 23d ultimo, THOMAS WEIGHTMAN, aged 80 years.

At Toledo, Ohio, on the 19th ultimo, Mr. WILLIAM H. HOLLINS, aged 23 years.

On the 22d ultimo, ROBERT SPEAR, aged 56.

On the 22d ultimo, Mrs. MARY A. LYONS, wife of the late Jas. Warnick, aged 42 years.

On the 23d ultimo, SALLY J. RUE, aged 26.

On the 23d ultimo, Miss ELLEN WARD, aged 21 years.

On the 21st ultimo, MARGARET B. NORRIS, aged 36 years.

On the 21st ultimo, RICHARD P. MCGRIMEN, aged 43 years.

On the 22d ultimo, SARAH J. SMITH.

On the 21st ultimo, MARY G. wife of George H. Hart.

On the 21st ultimo, Mrs. MARY ANN M. wife of Henry F. Schoch, aged 49 years.

On the 19th ultimo, Mr. EDWIN LENTZ, aged 30.

On the 20th ultimo, WILLIAM C. ARDIS, aged 49 years.

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Wit and Humor.

DEACON BRIGGS.—Old Deacon Briggs is as remarkable for his closeness as was Dickens's man, Bark's. His name has come to be a proverb in our region for such an economy as ever makes a man the subject of ridicule and contempt. One bitter cold morning a few falls ago, he bade the boys drive together all the pigs that were to be fattened for the market, into the little yard just at the corner of the house. A pig was caught by one of the youngsters; the Deacon, with a pair of pincers in one hand, and a sharp knife in the other, seized the unfortunate by the tail, and cut it off, *close up*. So on through the whole herd, leaving not a pig with even a stump of a tail. Cort, who worked for his grandfather, stood by in amazement—his hands in his pockets, his toes turned in, his old fur cap over his ears, his body warped into a crescent by the cold, and his teeth jawing against the outrage with a prodigious clatter. At last he stuttered out,

"Grandpa! what are you cutting off those tails for?"

Sober and solemn was Deacon Briggs as he replied,

"You never will be a rich man, for you do not know what it is to be savin'. You ought to know, my child, that it takes *a bushel of corn to fatten an inch of tail!*"

Cort has gone to the West, and, in the corn-growing bottoms of Michigan, has taken to the raising of tailless porkers.

AGRICULTURAL SHORTER CATECHISM.—*What are Tiles?* A Yankee invention for *draining* pockets; so called from resemblance to the prevailing style of gentlemen's hats.

What is Buckwheat? Masculine wheat. The female is called *dough*.

What is Breaking? A Western phrase signifying a regular smash-up of prairie-dom. The present pressure has been so heavy as to break things generally out West.

What are Wild Oats? A kind of grain usually sown broadcast by farm-boys—good food for fast horses.

What is Cabbage? A plant popular among tailors with large families.

What is "Garden Sass?" Cultivated impertinence.

What Fruit Pleases Garroters? Choke pears. They are also familiar with the art-i-choke.

Why are People with Corns like Certain Vegetables? Because they are toe-martyrs.

Is There a Vegetable Hen? Yes, the egg-plant.

How Can Young Ladies Soonest Secure Farms? Take a "*Country Gentleman.*"

Why are Outlers Illiterate? Because they read only stable *litter-ature.*—*Boston Post.*

AN ORTHODOX NOSE.—A clergyman in England, whose nasal protuberance indicated bibulous rather than biblical propensities, arrived one Saturday night at a country town, the rector of which was an indolent man of the old school, and was always too happy to get any one to relieve him of his duty. The sexton was not long in reporting the presence of a strange clergyman at the inn, and the rector immediately told him to beg the favor of his taking the service to-morrow, and dining with him afterward. But recollecting at the moment the rumors of the irregular proceedings and unusual tenets that had been current ever since the time of Wesley, the rector was about to recall his invitation, remarking that "one ought to know something about a stranger in these days, as there were so many of these fellows about the country." "Oh, he is all right, sir," was the clerk's reply; "if you only saw his nose."

A VARIETY.—Good old Parson B——, who lives in the neighborhood of a city not a thousand miles away, thus characterizes the different sorts of spiritual food which he gets served upon him at the different churches which he attends from time to time: "Dr. A—— gives me roast beef; Dr. B—— gives me turkey; Dr. C—— gives me baked beans;—mind you I'm fond of baked beans—at D—— Street I get *hash*, and at E—— Street, confectionary;—I like confectionary."

☞ A bailiff having been ordered by Lady Hardwick to procure a sow of the breed and size she particularly described to him, came one day into the dining-room, when full of company, proclaiming, with a burst of joy he could not suppress:

"I have been at Royston Fair, and have got a sow of exactly your ladyship's size."

The company started. And didn't Lady Hardwich look funny!

LORD BROUGHAM ON HIS BEAUTY.—On the occasion of a fashionable wedding in London, by some circumstance Lord Brougham was called upon to return thanks for the toast of the "Bridemaids." His lordship said he was puzzled to know why he should respond to it, unless it was on account of his youth, his beauty, or his innocence.

BYRON'S DEFORMITY.—Mr. Trelawny was not with Byron at Missolonghi when he died; but he arrived while his friend lay dead in the house.

> Before decay's effacing fingers
> Had swept the lines where beauty lingers.

"I asked Fletcher," he says, "to bring me a glass of water. On his leaving the room, to confirm or remove my doubts as to the cause of his lameness, I uncovered Byron's feet, and was answered—the great mystery was solved. Both feet were clubbed, and his legs withered to the knee—the form and features of an Apollo, with the feet and legs of a sylvan satyr."

CATSUP.—*Catsup* is a word introduced late in the first half of the last century, for it is not in the edition of "Bailey's Dictionary" of the date 1735; and Swift, writing about that time, alluding to novelties substituted for old preparations in our kitchen, says—

> And for our home-bread British cheer,
> Botargo, *catsup* and caviar.

It is thought to be a mode of spelling the name of an inferior kind of soy prepared in China, and called there *kiiap*.

A STORY OF A COCK AND A BULL.

PALMERSTON.—"Oh, papa, papa, I'm frightened of that dreadful bird."

MR. PUNCH.—"Nonsense, child! I thought they used to call you Plucky Pam."—*London Punch.*

LITTLE JACK HORNER.

With reference to the far-famed "Jack Horner," I send the particulars of a story which was told to me by an old lady in Somersetshire. It is supposed to account for the nursery rhyme of

> "Little Jack Horner,
> Sat in the corner,
> Eating a Christmas pie;
> He put in his thumb,
> And pulled out a plum,
> And said, 'What a good boy am I!'"

It is this:—When the monasteries and their property were seized, orders were given that the title deeds of the abbey estates at Mells, which were very extensive and valuable, and partly consisted of a sumptuous grange, built by Abbot John Selwood, should be given up to the commissioners. After some delay it was determined by the Abbot of Glastonbury to give them up; and for want of a safe mode of conveying them it was decided that the most likely to avoid their being seized by any but those for whom they were intended, was to send them in pasty, which should be forwarded as a present to one of the commissioners in London. The safest messenger, and least likely to excite suspicion, was considered to be a lad named *Jack Horner*, who was a son of poor parents living in the neighborhood of the Grange. The lad set out on his journey on foot, laden with the pasty. It was a weary road, and England not being so thickly inhabited as now, he sat to rest in as snug a corner as he could find by the wayside. Hunger, too, overcame him, and he was at a loss what to do, when he bethought himself there would be no harm in tasting a little of the pasty which he was carrying. He therefore inserted his thumb under the crust, when, lo! there was nothing but parchments. Whether that allayed his hunger then or not, I cannot say; but, although he could not read or understand these parchments, yet he thought they might be valuable. He therefore took one of the parchments and pocketed it, and pursued his journey with the rest of his pasty. Upon his delivering his parcel, it was perceived that one of the chief deeds (the deeds of the Mells Abbey estates) was missing; and as it was thought that the abbot had withheld it, an order was straightway sent for his execution. But the sequel was, that after the monasteries were despoiled, there was found in the possession of the family of Jack Horner a piece of parchment which was, in fact, the title deed of Mells Abbey and lands; and that was "the plum" which little Jack Horner had unwittingly become possessed of. The Abbot Whiting was executed for withholding the deeds. That is the tale as told to me.—*Notes and Queries.*

CURE FOR LOVE.—A new and amusing cure for love has been lately found effective in a fashionable Parisian faubourg. The son of a wealthy nobleman became enamoured of the pretty daughter of his father's concierge (door porter,) and determined to marry her. The aristocratic papa, of course opposed; but moved at last by the despair of his son, gave his consent, with the proviso that the smitten youth should go to sea for twelve months before the marriage. Shortly after his departure, the father, who had previously observed a tendency to *embonpoint* in the young intended, took her under his especial charge, gave her every kind of the most nourishing and succulent food and good wines, forbade her to take exercise as unbecoming in his future daughter, and, in fact, stall-fed her to such an extent, that when the enamored swain returned from his year's voyage he was horrified to find, instead of the slender, elegant girl he had left, an immensely fat woman, as big as two Alboni's rolled into one. Of course the ruse was successful, and the unfortunate victim of good cheer has been pensioned off.—*Galignani.*

ENLIGHTENED CRITICISM.—As for Murillo, just go and satisfy yourselves about him. Go and look at the "Immaculate Conception"—a woman, attired of course, in the brightest possible red and blue, as no woman ever yet had the horribly bad taste to dress, paddling about in a little pond of *fat* angels. She is a tolerably decent looking woman, but you can see twenty handsomer and more intelligent faces in any daguerreotype gallery in the city. And this is the picture that people praise, and gloat over, and pump up enthusiasm about, and would fall down and worship if some woman of unshakeable "position in society" would only set the example.—*Desultchs.*

Agricultural.

THE HUNGARIAN GRASS.

ALBIN, MONROE CO., Iowa, March 6, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—Knowing that you feel a great interest in whatever concerns agriculture, I will state what I know concerning the Hungarian Grass that our farmers have been cultivating for a few years with great success.

Some living at a distance suppose this valuable grass to be some of our native or wild grasses found in some of our secluded prairies, while others have thought that it was millet. To the former, we reply that this grass seed was brought to the far west by one of the Hungarian exiles who came to our new country to occupy lands given them by Congress. They came direct from Turkey, whither they had been since the downfall of their country, to Iowa two years ago, and without doubt procured the seed somewhere in the Turkish empire. To the latter, we reply that our farmers have raised millet for several years, and that Hungarian Grass resembles millet about as much as rye does bald wheat, and no more than millet does fox tail grass, and Hungarian resembles millet about the same as it does timothy. It has its peculiar distinctive features, the same as any other plant.

It matters but little where it came from, or by what name it is called; the practical question is, is it a good crop to cultivate, and does it pay better than other crops of a similar character? I find, after four years culture, that it is one of the most productive, most useful, most nutritious, and most profitable crops I have ever seen raised in our county. It usually grows with us from three to four and a half, and even five feet high, very thick and heavy, stools out equal to rye or oats, and the average weight of crops of our county have been from four to six tons of good, dry hay to the acre, since its culture, four years, raised upon such lands as we raise corn, wheat, oats, and barley upon.

Our County Agricultural Society offered a premium the past season for an acre, and the yield was eight tons and thirty-five pounds to the acre of good, dry hay, suitable to put in stack, duly sworn to by disinterested persons, and the adjoining counties premium crop was seven tons, two hundred and ten pounds taken for the same purpose. There were several fields right adjoining me very near as good as these. This almost staggers belief, but it is true, as I can prove, and will, if necessary, by more than a thousand certificates and affidavits. Our horses, cattle and sheep love this crop better than any other grass we raise; better than oats, and will leave any kind of feed to eat it, and will eat it all up clean to the last spear. It also bears a seed that is very rich, from thirty to fifty bushels to the acre, weighing about fifty pounds to the bushel. All kinds of stock and poultry love the seed, and fatten upon it equal to corn or oats. Indeed, it is the best crop for all domestic animals that I have ever seen, and I have been farming in Iowa for fifteen years, and formerly in the eastern States. I cannot speak in too high terms of this crop, and I know not of a single person in our whole section of the country but will corroborate every word I say.

We find that it does not impoverish our land any more than corn, wheat or rye, nor as much as oats.

It interferes with no other crop, being sown about late corn planting time, or after the weather and ground get good and warm, and can be harvested after all other crops are in.

One bushel of seed sows three acres. I believe any ground that will grow Indian corn will grow Hungarian Grass. I have no doubt that this crop will completely change the character of the agriculture of our country. It seems to be so exactly adapted to our climate, which makes it shoot up so stout and strong, as by magic. It makes a good crop to cut in six weeks, or it may stand six months and get quite ripe, without injury. It is the hardiest grass I ever saw, and will, when cut down, take a vast amount of wet weather with little injury.—I have had it myself take eight and ten days of damp weather and heavy rains with but little injury, while any other grass I know of would have been black, rotten and worthless.

It is easily cured, and may be cut down and put up the next day. There was at first a difference of opinion as to its character, but now I can in all candor tell you that it has exceeded the most sanguine expectations of its warmest friends, and completely silenced the suspicious doubts and fears of its opponents, so that there are none but speak in the highest terms of it. I have written thus much from actual knowledge and observation, that people may know something of the Hungarian Grass, which has taken such deep root in our section, and I believe will spread itself over our whole country. Yours, W. G. CLARK.

DESTROYING SMUT IN SEED WHEAT.—I have a plan that I pursue for killing smut in wheat, which has never failed when I have tried it, and if it will be of any benefit to your readers they are welcome to it: Take, say five bushels of wheat and put it in a box; then put one peck of unslacked lime in a large iron kettle. Pour water on; build a fire under the kettle; boil it well; pour, whilst boiling, on the wheat. Stir it well, and cover it up until next day, and it will kill the smut. No one need be afraid to try it, as I have had wheat stand forty-eight hours after it was limed, without any injury.—*Correspondent of Prairie Farmer.*

EXTRAORDINARY PRODUCE OF AN APRICOT TREE IN GUERNSEY.—An apricot tree, belonging to Mrs. Allez, of Hauteville, has for many years past given a produce which would be incredible if the fact were not notorious. In the year 1855, this tree yielded no less than 16,000 apricots, and this year the produce has been at least 10,000 full-sized and perfectly ripened apricots. The tree (which is, we believe, upwards of forty years old) measures twenty feet in height, and has a span of sixty feet, thus covering a surface of 1,200 feet.—*London Cottage Gardener.*

OIL SOAP FOR BORERS.—Two years' experiment has satisfied me of the utility of oil soap on the trunks of trees near the ground for the destruction of the borer. No injury is done the trees by its use in an undiluted state. The best time to use it is the month of June; rub it in well and stop up all the holes.—NATHAN BRIGGS, *in N. E. Farmer.*

REMEDY FOR THE SMUT IN WHEAT.—Wash the seed in some caustic wash, as blue vitriol (1 lb. to a gallon of water for a sack of wheat.) Some wheats are more delicate and liable to it than others.—*Agricultural Gazette.*

THE RAT IN THE STATUE.—A good lesson may be learned from the following:

Hoen Thong, the Emperor of China, was sitting one day in the gardens of Pekin with his favorite counsellor, Ti Chi. They talked of the long glories of the Chinese Empire, from the beginning of the world to the present era; the excellence of its laws, and the wisdom of its government. "Ti Chi," said the Emperor, "what is the most to be feared in a Government?" "In my opinion, sir," replied the counsellor, "nothing is more to be dreaded than what they call the 'Rat in the Statue!'" The Emperor not understanding the allegory, Ti Chi explained it to him. "You know, sir," said he, "that it is a common practice to erect statues to the genius of the place: these statues are of wood, hollow within, and painted without. If a rat gets into one of them, one does not know how to get him out. One dares not make use of fire, for fear of burning the wood, one cannot dip it into water, for fear of washing off the color; so that the regard one has for the statue saves the rat that has got into it."

DR. PARR AT CHURCH.—Parr drew my attention very awkwardly on entering his church one Sunday morning, while he was reading the lessons! he stopped, and fixed the eyes of the whole congregation upon myself and a lady, who was my companion, by saying to his servant, "Sam, show that lady and gentleman into my pew." In reading the lessons, when he came to a wrong translation in a passage, he would stop and say, "This is not correctly translated, it should have been rendered so-and-so;' or "This passage has a different meaning from the original: I would not have you in error about anything, my good parishioners." In reading the proclamation against vice and immorality, he began—it was about the time of the Queen Caroline's prosecution—"My beloved brethren, you must not be deceived in anything. I am going to read the King's proclamation against vice and immorality. You will take notice that it is not issued in his majesty's private character, but in that of a ruler and King—it has nothing to do with his majesty as a private individual."—*Cyrus Redding.*

☞ It is an error to suppose that a man belongs to himself. No man does. He belongs to his wife, or his children, or his relations, or his creditors, or to society, in some form or other. It is for their especial good and behalf that he lives and works, and they kindly allow him a certain per centage of his gains to administer to his own pleasure or wants. He has his body, and that is all, and even for that he is answerable to society. In short, society is the master, and man is the servant; and it is according as society proves a good or bad master, whether the man turns out a good or bad servant.—*Punch.*

POPULARITY.—It would be well if our young poets would remember this. No great thing ever did become popular at once. The fact of its becoming popular at once shows that it is not worth much. If you care for popularity, then write songs which can be played on street-organs, and by sentimental young ladies in drawing-rooms, and which commonplace critics can understand. But if you respect yourself—and that's the only respect worth anything—never mind if only five people understood you; these five are worth five millions of others, nay, are worth the whole of the rest of the world.

☞ "The tranquillity and the phlegm of the Scotch, in the most extraordinary circumstances, brings to mind,'—says Colman, in his "Random Records"—"the incredible tale of the Scotchman's tumble from one of the loftiest houses in the old town of Edinburgh. He slipped, says the legend, off the roof of a habitation sixteen stories high, and when midway in his descent through the air, he arrived at a lodger looking out of a window of the eighth floor, to whom (as he was an acquaintance) he observed, *en passant*, 'Eh, Sandy, man, sic a fa' as I shall hae!'"

Useful Receipts.

CURE FOR CANCERS.—Our attention has been recently called to a cure for cancers, which is of so much importance, that we wish to make it known as widely as possible. Some eight months ago, Mr. T. B. Mason—who keeps a music store on Wisconsin Street, and is a brother of the well-known Lowell Mason—ascertained that he had a cancer on his face, of the size of a pea. It was cut out by Dr. Wolcott and the wound partially healed. Subsequently it grew again, and while he was in Cincinnati on business, it attained the size of a hickory nut. He has remained there since Christmas under treatment, and has come back perfectly cured. The process is this:—

A piece of sticking-plaster was put over the cancer, with a circular piece cut out of the centre a little larger than the cancer, so that the cancer and a small circular rim of healthy skin next to it were exposed. Then a plaster made of chloride of zinc, blood-root and wheat flour was spread on a piece of muslin of the size of this circular opening, and applied to the cancer for twenty-four hours. On removing it the cancer will be found to be burnt into, and appear of the color and hardness of an old shoe sole, and the circular rim outside of it will appear white and parboiled, as if scalded by hot steam. The wound is now dressed, and the outside rim soon suppurates and the cancer comes out a hard lump, and the place heals up. The plaster *kills* the cancer so that it sloughs out like dead flesh, and *never grows again*. This remedy was discovered by Dr. Fell, of London, and has been used by him for six or eight years, with unfailing success, and not a case has been known of the reappearance of the cancer, where this remedy has been applied. It has the sanction of the most eminent physicians and surgeons of London, but has not, till recently, been used in this country, and many of the faculty, with their proverbial opposition to innovations, look upon it with distrust. We saw Mr. Mason at church yesterday, and have since conversed with him and took particular notice of the cicatrized wound, and we can only say, that if the cure is permanent—and from the evidence of six or eight years experience in other cases, we have no doubt it is—the remedy ought to be universally known. We have referred to this case, because Mr. Mason is well known both here and at the East. The experiment excited much interest in Cincinnati, and we call the attention of the faculty in this State, to the remedy. If it is what is claimed for it, this terrible disease will be shorn of most of its terrors. The application is painful, but the pain is of comparatively brief duration, which any one so afflicted would cheerfully endure.—*Milwaukee Free Democrat.*

A RECIPE FOR MAKING BROWN BREAD.—I will give you my receipe for making brown bread, which I have adopted of late and find it very good. Take two quarts of corn meal, two do. of shorts, one tablespoonful of salt, one teacup of molasses. Stew a squash or a good pumpkin, in water sufficient to wet this mass; pour it on boiling hot. When cool enough, add a pint of yeast and two quarts of wheat flour; and this will make four loaves. When light, bake three hours. *Lady Reader.*

HOW TO BIND THE WILDEST HORSE FOR SHOEING AND THE WILDEST COW FOR MILKING.—The way to do it is simply this:—Put around them, just back of the fore legs, a strong rope, or chain; into this twist a stick, so that at every turn the rope will be drawn tighter, until the animal will submit to being handled at your pleasure. The most unmanageable animals can be subdued in a few minutes in this manner.

TO PRESERVE EGGS.—Nearly fill a deep earthen vessel (a potchurn is the best) with fresh-laid eggs, closely and regularly packed in with the small ends downwards. In another vessel put as much quicklime as you think will turn enough water to fill up the egg vessel into the consistency of thick cream. Let the lime-and-water stand two or three days, stirring it frequently, and then if thick enough pour it over the eggs, filling the vessel quite up. Take care to place the egg vessel in some corner where it will not be likely to be disturbed, and the eggs will keep good any length of time. The experience of many years proves this to be the simplest but most effective mode of preserving eggs for poaching, and for all culinary purposes.—*Gardener's Chronicle.*

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 31 letters.
My 2, 5, 13, is a covering for the head.
My 19, 23, 18, 24, 4, is raised by farmers.
My 28, 29, 30, is an organ of the head.
My 9, 10, 8, 18, means absent.
My 1, 7, 6, 14, flies fast.
My 3, 6, 8, 24, is a girl's name.
My 6, 5, 15, 4, is part of a ship.
My 17, 24, 12, is a small animal.
My 11, 31, 14, 1, are members of the body.
My 13, 29, 6, is good to eat.
My 25, 7, 12, is a young animal.
My 26, 27, 28, 29, 25, is to talk.
My 20, 5, 21, is a color.
My 22, 16, 5, 6, is counterfeit.
My whole is a Comedy and the author of it.

Wildwood Cottage. A. M. M.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGM

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 19 letters.
My 1, 4, 7, 18, 10, is a county in Virginia.
My 9, 14, 11, 10, 15, is a county in Virginia.
My 17, 5, 15, 12, 18, is a county in N. Carolina.
My 13, 18, 16, 7, 5, is a county in South Carolina.
My 6, 17, 1, 8, 18, is a county in Georgia.
My 16, 4, 5, 14, 19, is a county in Michigan.
My 3, 14, 4, 9, 2, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My whole is one of the United States and its capital.

T. B. THRASHER.
Wrightsville.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Three names of great importance have composed
My whole, within one single word enclosed;
My first is very small, but great indeed,
And is the chief support of many men in need;
Its little self is first in matters of the state,
And tells the world about each long debate;
And if a great man fall in life's short race,
It sheds its many tears around his burial place;
Give my first to my second, so honest and brave,
A blade of Damascus and a garland he'll have,
He'll conquer in peace what war cannot gain;
The just will applaud him while tyrants complain;
He will cause you to laugh, to cry, or to sing,
By that mighty instrument from a gray goose's wing;
My third, oh, good reader, is a beautiful thing,
With an admirable form and a very large wing;
She spreads her huge pinions aloft in the sky,
And onward to battle, to conquer or die;
She carries great jewels to the land of the West,
As she dips in the wave her gallant old breast;
My whole is a science you can most easily see,
Or otherwise you deceive both yourselves and me.

Nashville, Tenn. J. C. F.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first you'll very often meet,
When quietly you roam
Along the city's busy street,
Or in the country lone.

My second's an article of dress,
That's worn by nearly all;
Its use is great, I must confess,
Although it's very small.

My whole, you'll find 's a kind of shield,
That does my first protect;
If any more you want revealed,
You must yourselves detect.

Pequea, Pa. ALPHA.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Hark! the sound of trumpet shrill,
Rings o'er mountain, vale and rill,
Louder calls and louder still,
To my *first*.

Through the field with soldiers' strown,
Hear my *second's* expiring tone!
And louder than his dying groan,
Is heard my whole.

CINEOS.

ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Glee, fun, soars.	I send into Siam.
Made in pint pots.	N, a silly ocean.
On tin cent.	Show a gun's ire.
Niece, sprout.	Pear, pray rot.
Cotton's in air.	Rain, jug, sod.
Our cent gift in E.	Name it red tie.

GEO. W. DUFFIELD

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Divide the number 21 into two such parts, that when you divide the greater part by the lesser part and multiply that quotient by 5, also dividing the lesser part by the greater and multiplying this quotient by 125, the two products shall be equal.

DAVID GEARHARD.
Sugar Valley, Clinton Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

☞ When we hear one man sympathising with another, why does it sound very much like wishing him to catch the small-pox? Ans.—Because he says "You ought to be *pitted*" (pitied).

☞ Why is mixing with ill-mannered people like forty rods? Ans.—Because it will always make one rood (rude).

☞ Why is high living like twelve dozen? Ans.—Because it makes one gross.

POETICAL FEET.—The following doggerel conundrum is not new, but is really capital:—

> "Can you tell me why
> A deceitful eye
> Can better descry,
> Than you or I,
> Upon how many toes
> A puny-cat goes?"
>
> ANSWER.
> "The eye of deceit
> Can best count-er-feit;
> And so, I suppose,
> Can best count her toes."

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST: MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—The Deaf and Dumb Asylum, situated at Danville, Kentucky. BIBLICAL ENIGMA—"Living I was thy plague, dying I will be thy death, O Pope." CHARADE—Robinson Crusoe (Rob-inn-son-crew-soe.) CHARADE—England. ANAGRAMS—Lancaster, Easton, Norristown, Harrisburg, Carlisle, Pottsville, Reading, Wilkesbarre, Bristol, Williamsport.—MATHEMATICAL QUESTION—65 acres.

☞ When we see a pretty female foot, we naturally conclude that it belongs to a beautiful woman, on the principle that all is well that ends well.